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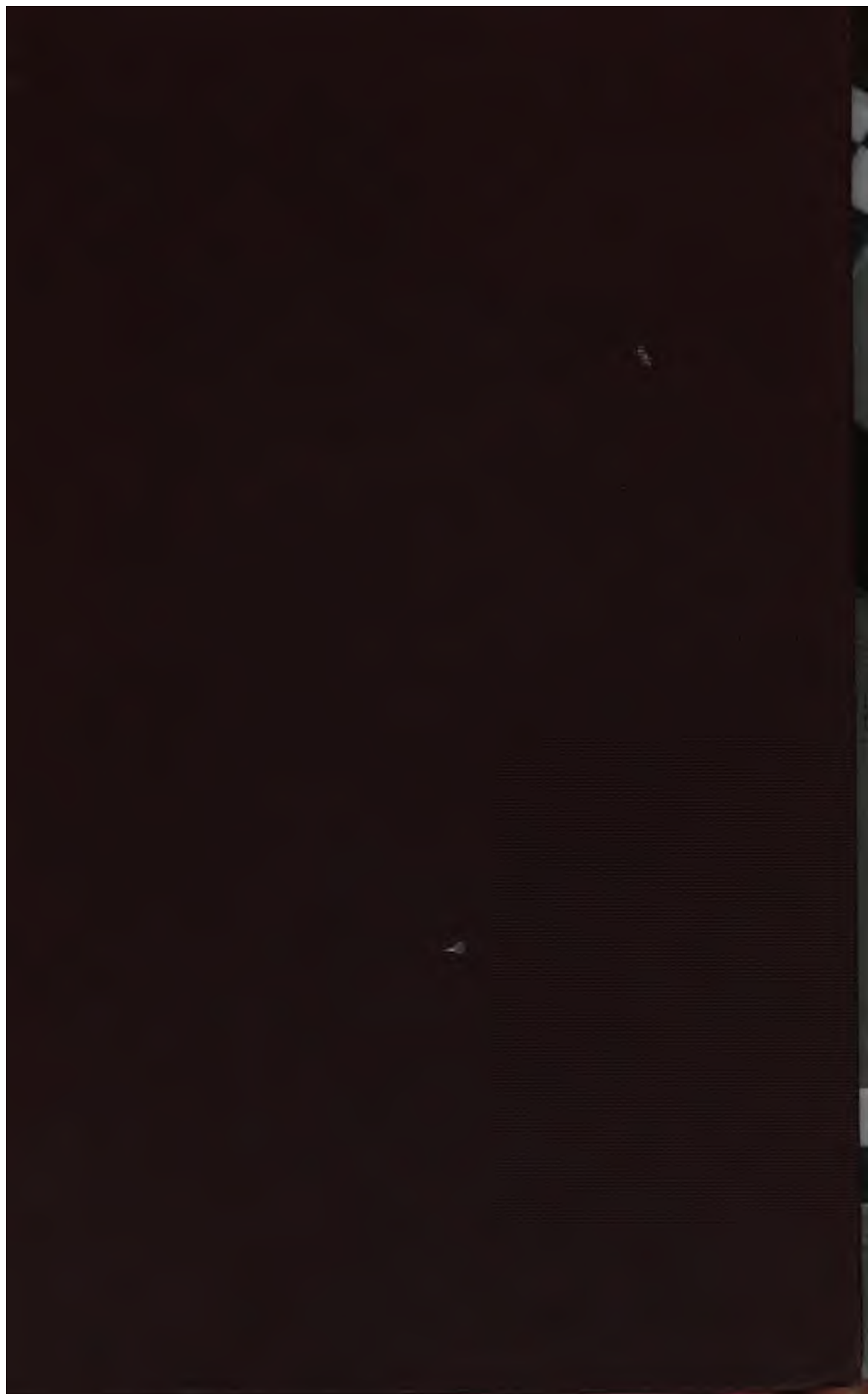
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1895

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Channel between a "Cay" and "the Main"

A Village Street

BAHAMA SONGS AND STORIES

A CONTRIBUTION TO FOLK-LORE

BY

CHARLES L. EDWARDS, PH. D.

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To
MY FATHER AND MOTHER



PREFACE.

WHILE this work is intended as a contribution to folk-lore, yet it is hoped that the songs and stories will appeal to those not specially interested from the scientific standpoint. The genetic relation existing between the tales and music of the Bahama and of the United States negroes will be readily discerned. Parallels from accessible collections of American, and of native African, folk-lore are indicated. The material for this paper was collected during the summer of 1888, at Green Turtle Cay, of 1891, at Harbour Island, and of 1893, at Bimini. The stories I.-XI., and XXXIV., and a portion of the Introduction, were published in "The American Journal of Psychology," vol. ii. No. 4, Worcester, 1889; and stories XXXI. and XXXV.-XXXVIII., in the "Journal of American Folk-Lore," vol. iv. Nos. XII. and XIV., Boston and New York, 1891.

I wish to express my thanks to President G. Stanley Hall, who has kindly permitted me to use again the material which appeared in "The American Journal of Psychology;" to Mr. A. E. Sweeting, of Harbour Island, Bahamas, who was good enough to note down the music to most of the songs; and to Mr. William Wells Newell, for valuable advice and assistance in connection with the publication.

C. L. E.

UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI,
June, 1895.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION	PAGE 13
------------------------	------------

SONGS.

I. I LOOKED O'ER YANDER	23
II. LORD, I WISH I COULD PRAY	24
III. HAIL! KING OF THE JEWS	25
IV. DIDN'T IT RAIN, MY ELDER	25
V. GIT ON BOARD.	26
VI. WHO BUILT DE ARK?.	27
VII. BEAUTIFUL STA'H	27
VIII. GO DOWN, MOSES	28
IX. DEAR SISTER, YI FEET STRIKE ZION	28
X. LOVE BRO'T DE SAVYE' DOWN	29
XI. WHEN DE MOON WENT DOWN	30
XII. JESUS HEAL' THE SICK	31
XIII. O! LOOK-A DEATH	32
XIV. I THO'T I SAW MY BROTHE'	33
XV. EV'RYBODY WANTS TO KNOW	34
XVI. EV'RY DAY BE SUNDAY	35
XVII. GOOD NEWS IN THE KINGDOM	36
XVIII. DIG MY GRAVE LONG AND NARROW	37
XIX. I WISH I COULD PRAY	38
XX. DON'T YOU FEEL THE FIRE A-BURNIN'	39
XXI. ŌPON DE ROCK	40
XXII. TURN BACK AN' PRAY	41
XXIII. COME OUT THE WILDERNESS	42
XXIV. UM DIED ONCE TO DIE NO MO'	43
XXV. THER HEAVEN BELLS ARE RINGIN'	44
XXVI. JESUS BIN HYERE	45
XXVII. DO YOU LIVE BY PRAYER?	45
XXVIII. I CAN'T STAY IN EGYPT LAN'	46
XXIX. NOTHIN' BUT THE RIGHTEOUS	47
XXX. DEATH WAS A LITTLE T'ING	48
XXXI. MY JESUS LED ME TO THE ROCK	49
XXXII. COM' 'LONG, BROTHER	49
XXXIII. NEVER A MAN SPEAK LIKE THIS MAN	50
XXXIV. GOIN' TO RIDE ON DE CROSS	51
XXXV. DON'T YOU WEEP AFTER ME	52
XXXVI. OH! WE ALL GOT RELIGION	55

XXXVII. I WAN' TO GO TO 'EVUN	57
XXXVIII. I LONG TO SEE THAT DAY	58
XXXIX. LAWD, REMEMBER ME	59
XL. WE 'LL GIT HOME BY AND BY	60

STORIES.

I. B' RABBY IN DE CORN-FIELD	63
II. B' HELEPHANT AND B' VW'ALE	65
III. B' RABBY, B' SPIDER, AN' B' BOUKI	65
IV. B' MAN, B' RAT, AN' B' TIGER-CAT	66
V. B' BOUKI AN' B' RABBY	67
VI. B' BARACOUTI AN' B' MAN	68
VII. B' LOGGERHEAD AND B' CONCH	69
VIII. B' CRANE-CROW, B' PARROT, AND B' SNAKE	70
IX. B' CRICKET AND B' HELEPHANT	70
X. B' CRANE-CROW AN' B' MAN	71
XI. DE BIG WORRUM	72
XII. B' RABBY AN' B' TAR-BABY	73
XIII. B' BIG-HEAD, B' BIG-GUT, AN' B' TIN-LEG	75
XIV. B' RABBY HAD A MOTHER	76
XV. B' MAN, B' WOMAN, AN' B' MONKEYS	76
XVI. B' RABBY, B' BOUKI, AN' B' CROW	77
XVII. DE MAN AN' DE DOG	79
XVIII. B' LOGGERHEAD, B' DOG, AN' B' RABBY	80
XIX. B' DEVIL AN' B' GOAT	80
XX. B' HELLIBABY AN' B' DAWNDEJANE	82
XXI. 'BOUT A BIRD	83
XXII. A YOUNG LAD AN' 'IS MOTHER	84
XXIII. B' PARAKEET AN' B' FROG	85
XXIV. 'BOUT B' DOG, B' CAT, B' RABBIT, AN' B' GOAT	86
XXV. THE LADY AN' 'ER TWO DAWTAHS AN' 'ER HUSBAND	87
XXVI. A YOUNG LADY AN' 'ER SON	87
XXVII. B' GOAT, B' BOUKI, AN' B' RABBIT	88
XXVIII. THE WOMAN AN' 'EH HUSBAN'	89
XXIX. B' BIG-HEAD AN' B' LITTLE-HEAD	90
XXX. A BOY AN' SHEEP	90
XXXI. DE GIRL AN' DE FISH	91
XXXII. THREE BOYS AN' ONE WOMAN	92
XXXIII. A LADY AN' 'ER TWO DAWTAHS	93
XXXIV. B' JACK AN' B' SNAKE	94
XXXV. B' LITTLE-CLOD AN' B' BIG-CLOD	95
XXXVI. DE WOMAN AN' DE BELL-BOY	97
XXXVII. GREO-GRASS AN' HOP-O'-MY-THUMB	97
XXXVIII. DE DEBBLE AN' YOUNG PRINCE HAD A RACE	99
APPENDIX	101

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
CHANNEL BETWEEN A "CAY" AND "THE MAIN" } . . . <i>Frontispiece</i>	
A VILLAGE STREET }	
CELEBRATION OF EMANCIPATION, HARBOR ISLAND	18
A GROUP OF CHILDREN }	
CELEBRATION OF EMANCIPATION—THE PROCESSION }	64
SCENE AT THE CELEBRATION OF EMANCIPATION	90

BAHAMA SONGS AND STORIES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Bahamas include over three thousand islands, most of which are quite small. As a whole, these islands, not being separated by great distances, present a striking homogeneity, both in their coral-line origin and in the life and surroundings of the people. Just as the biologist acquires an insight into the complex problems of structure and function presented by a living thing, by comparing its life-history with the environment, so in studying a folk-lore, a knowledge of its philosophy is gained by considering the life-history of the community in which the folk-lore has developed in relation to the surrounding conditions.

In the Bahamas are found a most interesting succession of three generations of coral formations.

First is the main island, sometimes from fifty to one hundred miles long and from one to ten miles wide, with hills reaching the height of one hundred feet, and forests of large pine-trees.

Then extends the chain of cays¹ a few miles to seaward, each from a few acres to three or four square miles in area, seldom being more than one half or three quarters of a mile wide, with hills not higher than eighty feet. Upon these cays, with the exception of the cocoa-palms, grow only small bushes and stunted trees, while coral plantations still flourish on the ocean side.

Lastly arises still farther at sea the present reef, with living polyps almost to the crest, where, broken into caps of foam, the waves from the deep Atlantic are somewhat arrested in their impetuous course.

Seen from a distance, the islands appear as dark, low-lying sand-bars, but when closely approached the vegetation, as intensely green as the deep sea is blue, adds beauty to the monotonous land. The coralline sand of the shore is made up of the triturated skeletons of corals and of echinoderms, the shells of mollusks, and the stony secretions of many other animals and of algæ. It is washed over and

¹ From the Spanish *cayo*, a rock.

over by water as pure as crystal, and bleached in the sun of unending summer until it becomes as white as snow. The shoals about are also of this constantly shifting sand, and so the shallow water is rendered a chalky green shade, affording a remarkable contrast with the wonderful blue of the subtropical sea.¹

Between "the main" island and its series of satellite cays extends a generally navigable channel, which, protected from the ocean swell and yet with every advantage of the ocean breeze, affords an excellent roadstead for vessels. Here the water takes on every shade over the white sand, according to the varying depth, from palest green to deepest blue. It is a sight of peculiar beauty to see, in the early morning, the small boats of the natives, which, with large white sails, are almost like gulls skimming over the transparent waters. As nature first leaves the coral island, there is but little soil, and so the plants found are such as can adapt themselves at the root to crannies in the rock and thus gain some sustenance from the mould of their ancestors, while from the air the leaves breathe in the rich supplies of gases and moisture. The formation longest exposed, the main island, has thus accumulated the most soil, and supports forests or prairies of considerable extent. The first settlements were in some cases made by families of loyalists who fled from the American colonies during the Revolution, while in other cases the colonists have come directly from Great Britain. The towns have grown slowly, for the most part by the natural increase of the few first families; and, because of repeated intermarrying among these family stocks, at present nearly all of the people are inter-related. The population is about evenly divided on the basis of color, although, as in the West Indies, the percentage of increase of the negroes over the whites is becoming greater every year. Whether the pessimistic predictions of Trollope and of Froude, of negro supremacy and a return to African barbarism, shall be fulfilled in the Bahamas, as apparently already in Hayti, it is difficult to say. The comparatively poorer soil of the Bahamas, compelling the negro to work if he would survive, will be a strong factor in keeping up the civilization already attained.

Usually, among the "out islands," the town is found upon one of the cays, on the side facing the channel. Imagine a seacoast town in North Carolina, isolated as much as possible from railroads and ocean steamers, and its people leading a seafaring life with farm-work at odd intervals, transport it to a small coral island, then you

¹ These shoals sometimes reach gigantic proportions, as in the Great Bahama Banks, where, for over hundreds of square miles, the water is but a few fathoms in depth. Upon these shallows, beyond the sight of land, one has the peculiar impression of sailing over a submerged Sahara, or an infinite mill-pond!

can gain a very fair outline for the picture of one of these Bahama towns. But there are touches of local coloring quite necessary to complete the picture.

Horses and carriages are rarely found on the "out" islands, so roads for their accommodation are not essential, and the streets are often not wider than a city sidewalk. The squares into which the town is divided are proportioned to the streets in size, so that the first effect is of an overgrown doll-town! The streets are made by smoothing off the naturally jagged points left by the action of water upon the coral sandstone of which the cay is composed, and they are of dazzling whiteness. The houses are generally of frame, three or four sometimes crowded upon the same small lot, and, whenever the owner can afford the display, painted white, a most disagreeable continuation of the glare from the street and seashore.

The principal industries are the raising of pineapples, oranges, and sisal, and the gathering and curing of sponges. Many ships are of native manufacture, and all the lads, from the earliest years, are taught the various trades of the sea. The sea, too, is a storehouse of food, for fish is to the Bahaman what beef is to the Englishman, and nowhere will one find the fish more delicious. Sweet potatoes, cocoanuts, bananas, oranges, sapodillas, avocado-pears, plantains, soursops, star-apples, rose-apples, and many other tropical luxuries add to the delights of the table.

The fields are scattered along "the main" for ten miles on either hand, whither the men sail in the morning, coming back at night.

The chief farming implements in the Bahamas, as has been aptly said, are the pickaxe and the *machete*. With the former a natural crevice in the rock is somewhat widened, and therein a pineapple slip or some seed is planted; while with the *machete*, a long, broadsword sort of knife, the weeds and bushes are cut down.

The Bahamas have been subjected to periodical booms. Before the days of the lighthouses, "wrecking" was the most profitable business. Many richly-laden vessels went to pieces on the treacherous coral reefs, and the people of the nearest communities secured, in the name of salvage, a large percentage of the valuables from the wreck. The story is told that when one of the governors was going back to England he asked, at a farewell meeting, what he could do of most importance for the colony. With one voice the people said, "Have the laws establishing the lighthouses repealed!" Then sugar became the one thing to raise, and only after much expensive machinery had been imported was it discovered that the soil was not rich enough to grow sugar. Then blooded horses for the American market claimed attention, but a lack of proper diet for the horses ended that enterprise. Now it is sisal, the plant which in Yucatan

has given the world most of its best hemp. The native Bahama variety is said to produce a better quality of fibre than that of Yucatan; so everybody is raising the young plant, and thousands of acres of previously unoccupied lands are being devoted to the culture of sisal. There seems a fair chance that this industry will prove of lasting benefit to the colony.

The Bahama people are intensely pious. The whole social life centres in the church. Those mad days of the buccaneers are gone. For the ribald songs of the riotous pirates we have the solemn hymns of the Wesleyans, and the chant of the English Church. Lighthouses have taken from the coral reefs their former terror. The laws against swearing are quite severe; and, what is even more necessary, the good old patriarch, who holds all the offices from chief magistrate to street commissioner, is strict in the enforcement of the laws, so that the ordinary street talk is quite a relief to one who is familiar with the profanity of American streets.

The colored people, everywhere gossipy, good-natured, and religious, having here been emancipated for over fifty years, have become somewhat educated and unusually independent. Socially the races are more nearly equal than anywhere else on the globe. Schools and churches are occupied in common. Miscegenation, so prevalent in Nassau, the capital, has not prevailed in the "out" islands to any extent. Of course, in each community one may find a circle of intelligent white people to whom the negroes can never be more than servants. But to keep up this satisfactory relation is every year a more perplexing problem. Some of the first negroes who came to the cays were slaves of the loyalists; but aside from these, the large majority indeed, have come by direct descent from native Africans. There yet lives in Green Turtle Cay one old negro, "Unc' Yawk," who, bowing his grizzled head, will tell you, "Yah, I wa' fum Haf'ca."

It is with the negroes that one associates the picturesque and beautiful surroundings in the Bahamas. Their huts, so often thatched with palmettos, are built on the low, sandy soil of the town. There grow the graceful cocoa palms with long, green leaves which rustle as sadly as do those of oak and chestnut in the autumn woods of the north, suggesting the gentle murmur of falling raindrops. There, too, the prickly pear, like an abatis, bristling all over with needles, seems to guard the luxuriant blossoms of the great oleander bush, dispensing sweetest perfume from its midst. Apparently every hut has its quota of a dozen little black "Conchs,"¹ of assorted sizes, who think the palmetto-thatched cottage a palace

¹ The native Bahamans have been nicknamed "Conchs," from the predominance there of a mollusk of that name.

and the yard a menagerie, wherein the pigs and chickens and dogs are animals created for their special amusement.

There are but few stoves and chimneys in the Bahamas. Boiling and frying are done in a small shed, over an open fire built on a box of sand ; while for the baking is employed an oven of the same sort as our foremothers knew by the name of the "brick oven." It is a cone, made of coral sandstone, into the upper half of which is hollowed an oven. The "mammy" and children do most of the housework ; while the lord and master, when not at sea or on the farm, plays checkers or lies in a hammock reading a novel.

There is one piece of work, however, in which husband and wife share, and that is the chastisement of the children. They chastise with a club, and regularly every twenty-four hours the screaming of the tortured child comes from the hut, or surrounding bushes, to tell its sad tale of remaining barbarism ; but the negro child has a disposition full of sunshine, and in a few moments after being beaten will sing like the happiest being on earth.

The evening is the playtime of the negroes. The children gather in some clump of bushes or on the seashore and sing their songs, the young men form a group for a dance in some hut, and the old people gossip. The dance is full of uncultured grace ; and to the barbaric music of a clarinet, accompanied by tambourines and triangles, some expert dancer "steps off" his specialty in a challenging way, while various individuals in the crowd keep time by beating their feet upon the rough floor and slapping their hands against their legs. All applaud as the dancer finishes ; but before he fairly reaches a place in the circle a rival catches step to the music, and all eyes are again turned toward the centre of attraction. Thus goes the dance into the night.

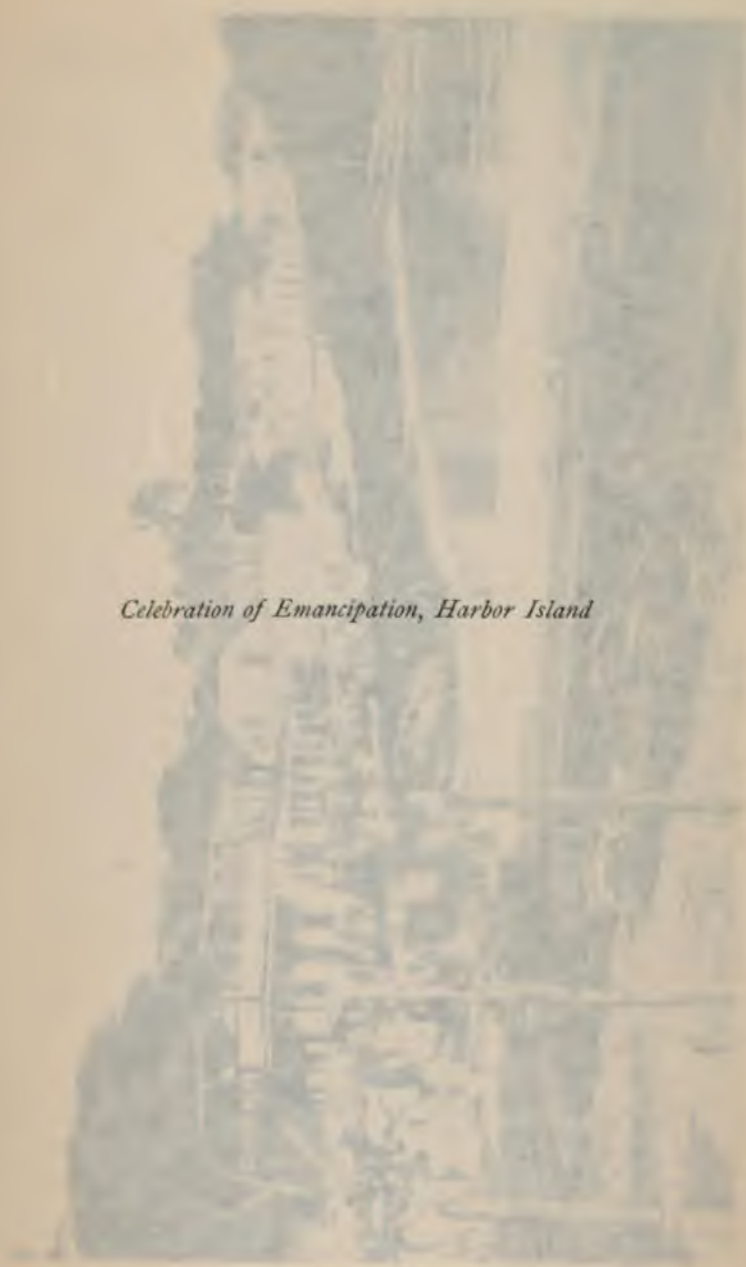
The strangest of all their customs is the service of song held on the night when some friend is supposed to be dying. If the patient does not die, they come again the next night, and between the disease and the hymns the poor negro is pretty sure to succumb. The singers, men, women, and children of all ages, sit about on the floor of the larger room of the hut and stand outside at the doors and windows, while the invalid lies upon the floor in the smaller room. Long into the night they sing their most mournful hymns and "anthems," and only in the light of dawn do those who are left as chief mourners silently disperse. The "anthem" No. 1 (given below) is the most often repeated, and, with all the sad intonation accented by tense emotion of the singers, it sounds in the distance as though it might well be the death triumph of some old African chief ! Each one of the dusky group, as if by intuition, takes some part in the melody, and the blending of all tone-colors in the soprano, tenor,

alto, and bass, without reference to the fixed laws of harmony, makes such peculiarly touching music as I have never heard elsewhere. As this song of consolation accompanies the sighs of the dying one, it seems to be taken up by the mournful rustle of the palms, and to be lost only in the undertone of murmur from the distant coral reef. It is all weird and intensely sad.

This custom of coming together and singing all night is generally called the "settin' up." It has its merry as well as its sad side. On great occasions, as "Augus' eve' night," the celebration of the emancipation of African slaves on British soil, and "Chris'mus," the "settin' up" gives us the negro in his best mood. It is about two hours after nightfall, when the sun dropping like a great golden ball below the distant sea-line has surrendered the sky to the myriad stars, that the dusky forms of the negroes begin gliding into the scene of the "settin' up." It is a long time beginning, with much mirth and joking and gleaming of "ivory." But at last the largest room of the largest hut is filled with chairs, and the chairs with gayly dressed colored folk. One man, better dressed than the others and probably better educated, "lines off," in sonorous voice, the words of some good old hymn. Around the centre table with him are the principal singers, and standing back of these, with a shining "beaver" on his head as a badge of office, is the leader. He lifts his hands, his face shines with pride, his rich barytone voice pours forth the line, and the hymn begins. Then all voices, joining together every shade of tone, send out into the beautiful night that rapturous, voluptuous music of the civilized Africans. The hymn swells, the ivory teeth gleam, and the wave of sound rolls on. The leader reaches out his great hands, as if to raise the song aloft, and shouts his commands of "Not so fas', now!" "Min' de word!" and other encouraging words, while his body sways back and forth. Then the old men interject their admonitions, "Not so much talkin'!" "Dem ladies dere is la'ffin' too much!" "Now, j'ine in!" and so on. The hymns continue until after midnight, when comes a pause, with refreshments of coffee and bread. After this come the "anthems," or folk-songs, that have not been learned from a book. The negro *sings* now; body, soul, voice, smile, eyes, all his being sings, as if he were created only for music! Some woman or man carries the refrain and all "j'ine in," from the wise patriarch, with his crown of yellow-gray wool, to the veriest pickaninny. But how can one describe this music, vibrating in the dead of night to the pulse-beats of human hearts? As well try to describe the song of the thrush or the voice of the palm!

The folk-tales are most popular among the children, and indeed are handed down from generation to generation principally by them.

Celebration of Emancipation, Harbor Island





After the short twilight and the earlier part of the evening, when singing and dancing amuse the children, comes the story-telling time *par excellence*. This is usually about bedtime, and the little "Conchs" lie about upon the hard floor of the small hut and listen to one of the group, probably the eldest, "talk old stories." With eyes that show the whites in exclamation, and ejaculations of "O Lawd!" "Go!" "Do now!" etc., long drawn out in pleasure, the younger ones nestle close together, so "De Debble" won't get them, as he does "B' Booky" or "B' Rabby" of the story.

These tales are divided into two classes, "old stories" and fairy stories; the former particularly constituting the negro folk-lore, while the latter have been introduced from the same sources as the ordinary fairy tales of English children. It is often difficult to make the class distinction, for it is a curious fact that some of the fairy tales have been translated, so to speak, into old stories, and one easily recognizes in such a tale as "B' Jack an' de Snake" its English ancestor of Jack the Giant-Killer.

The folk-lore proper is mostly concerning animals, which, personified, have peculiar and oftentimes thrilling adventures. Where, in our own negro-lore, the animals are called "Brer" by Harris, and "Buh" by Jones, among the Bahama negroes the term is contracted to "B'," and so one finds in "B' Rabby, who was a tricky fellow," the "Brer Rabbit" whom Uncle Remus has made famous to us as the hero of the folk-lore of the South.

The conventional negro dialect, generally used in our American stories, will apply to the Bahama negroes only in part; for their speech is a mixture of negro dialect, "Conch" cockney, and correct English pronunciations. In the following stories, which are given as nearly as possible verbatim, this apparent inconsistency will be noticed, for in the same story such expressions, for example, as "All right" and "Never mind" may be given in the cockney "Hall right" in negro dialect "N'er min'," or pronounced as written in correct English, and one never knows which pronunciation to expect.

In these stories one readily detects the influence of physical environment and the play of native invention in the predominance given to those animals and plants locally prominent, acting their parts among scenes borrowed from local surroundings. On the other hand, the introduction of the lion, elephant, and tiger suggests an heredity from African ancestors; while similarly the rabbit, in the title rôle of hero, as rabbits are not indigenous to the Bahamas, points to the influence of American negro-lore. The isolation of the "out" islands from foreign influences, the scanty supply of books and newspapers, and the great lack of what are generally

termed amusements, have given especially good conditions for the development of a folk-lore at once recognized as peculiar and sectional.

An indescribable flavor is added to these tales by the environment of the people. An island out in the Atlantic arises, with low shores, from that indescribable blue water, and is covered by the paler blue of the skies of "Summerland." Heated by the glaring sun of midday, the smooth streets and long, hard beaches dazzle one with their whiteness; or, bathed in silver radiance by the queen of night, these bare spaces stretch out like great ghosts of themselves, cloaked in the grim darkness of surrounding vegetation. Querulous gulls catch fish in the tide-pools; cunning little lizards, from orange-tree and stone wall, watch your every step; and along the ocean beach sand-crabs swiftly run to the sheltering holes when you approach. In the clear water of the sea-gardens, one beholds the fans and feathers of the sea waving in response to tide and billow, and beneath them the creeping stars, the spiny urchins, and long, brown sea-cucumbers crawling among the tentacled annelids and anemones. Chasing in and out, above and around these more simply organized creatures, are fishes, banded in gold and black and orange, with long, waving filaments to their fins, and high foreheads which solemnly suggest an intellect only developed in higher forms. Then, finally, those colonies of coral animals which inhabit the top of a submarine precipice built of the skeletons of their ancestors through millions of generations, and which ere long will die to complete the foundation for another island or series of islands, are the high lights, as well as the shadows, of the picture.

There is perpetual beauty on land and in the sea, while the balmy, equable air invites one to sail over the blue waters, or to lie in a hammock beneath the palms and listen to some black "Conch" "talk old stories." In each community one boy becomes much the best story-teller, and from such a source I took most of the following tales. But the quick, short gesture, the peculiar emphasis on the exciting words and phrases, the mirth now bubbling from eyes which anon roll their whites in horror, in short the *Othello* part of the tales, I cannot give.

SONGS.

I.

I LOOKED O'ER YANDER.



{ I looked o'er yan-der; what I see? Somebod-y's dy-ing ev-'ry day. }
 { See bright an-gels stand-ing dere; Somebod-y's dy-ing ev-'ry day. }

CHORUS.



Ev-'ry day, pas-sin' a-vay, Ev-'ry day, pas-sin' a-vay,



Ev-'ry day, pas-sin' a-vay; Somebody's dy-ing ev-'ry day.

I looked o'er yander; what I see?
 Somebody's dying ev'ry day.
 See bright angels standing dere,
 Somebody's dying ev'ry day. CHO.

Hell is deep, an' dark as 'spair,
 Somebody's dying ev'ry day.
 Stop, O sinne' don' go dere,
 Somebody's dying ev'ry day. CHO.

Satin farred ¹ 'is ball at me,
 Somebody's dying ev'ry day.
 'Is ball had missed an' dropped in hell,
 Somebody's dying ev'ry day. CHO.

I looked on mi han's; mi han's looked new,
 Somebody's dying ev'ry day.
 I looked on mi feet; mi feet looked new,
 Somebody's dying ev'ry day. CHO.

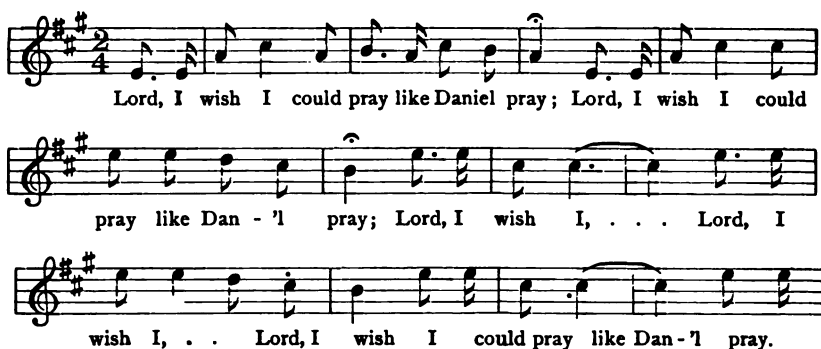
¹ Fired, threw.

Bahama Songs and Stories.

O come along, Moses, don' git lost!
 Somebody's dying ev'ry day.
 Stretch you' rod an' come acrost,
 Somebody's dying ev'ry day.

II.

LORD, I WISH I COULD PRAY.



Lord, I wish I could pray like Daniel pray; Lord, I wish I could
 pray like Dan - 'l pray; Lord, I wish I, . . . Lord, I
 wish I, . . . Lord, I wish I could pray like Dan - 'l pray.

Lord, I wish I could pray like Daniel pray;
 Lord, I wish I could pray like Dan'l pray;
 Lord, I wish I, Lord, I wish I,
 Lord, I wish I could pray like Dan'l pray.

Go Gabrul, go soun' de trumpet now;
 Go Gabrul, go soun' de trumpet now;
 Go Gabrul, go Gabrul,
 Go Gabrul, go soun' de trumpet now.

Lord, I wish I was in Heaving to-day;
 Lord, I wish I was in Heaving to-day;
 Lord, I wish I, Lord, I wish I,
 Lord, I wish I was in Heaving to-day.

Lord, I wish I had wings like an angel's wing;
 Lord, I wish I had wings like an angel's wing;
 Lord, I wish I, Lord, I wish I,
 Lord, I wish I had wings like an angel's wing.

III.

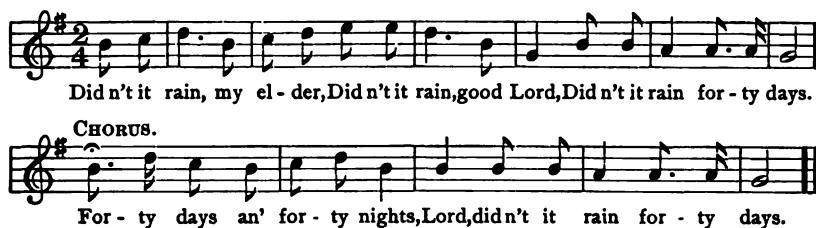
HAIL! KING OF THE JEWS.¹



Hail! King of the Jews, Hail! Star of de Eas'. I'm com-in' to worship thee,
FINE.
Yes, it was Je - sus my Lord. He's bin down hyere, he
went up a - gain, Yes, it was Je - sus my Lord. He
went up a - gain, an' 'E come no more, Yes, it was Je - sus my Lord.

IV.

DID N'T IT RAIN, MY ELDER.



Did n't it rain, my el - der, Did n't it rain, good Lord, Did n't it rain for - ty days.
CHORUS.
For - ty days an' for - ty nights, Lord, did n't it rain for - ty days.

Did n't it rain, my elder,
Did n't it rain, good Lord,
Did n't it rain forty days. CHO.

Did n't it rain, Great Sestern,
Did n't it rain to Key West too,
Did n't it rain forty days. CHO.


Did n't it rain, my Leader,
Did n't it rain to Rocky Bay too,
Did n't it rain forty days. CHO.

¹ In this and the following songs where only one stanza is given, others are extemporized by the singers.

V.

GIT ON BOARD.

CHORUS.



Git on board, lit - tle chil - drun, Git on bo'd, lit - tle
 chil-drun, Git on bo'd, lit - tle chil-drun, It's room fah ma - ny a
FINE.
 mo'-o. Says No - ah, En - och, an' E - li - jah, Lord, and all the Pro - phets
 too, No sec - ond class on bo'd de train, No diff-ren' in de fa-are.

Git on board, little childrun,
 Git on bo'd, little childrun,
 Git on bo'd, little childrun,
 It's room fah many a mo'-o.
 Says Noah, Enoch, an' Elijah,
 Lord, and all the Prophets too,
 No second class on bo'd de train,
 No diffren' in de fa-are. CHO.

Git on bo'd, ye swearers,
 Git on bo'd, rum drinkers,
 Git on bo'd, backsliders,
 There's room fah many a mo'-o.
 The Gospel sails are histed,
 King Jesus is de crew,
 Bright angels is de captain, Lawd,
 An' what's a heavenly crew. CHO.

VI.

WHO BUILT DE ARK?

CHORUS.



Who built de ark? I don' know, mi Lord. Who built de ark? I don' know, mi Lord.



Who built de ark? I don' know, mi Lord; No'h built de ark one day.



The first thing that No - ah did, 'E frame de ark right thro'.
The second thing that No - ah did, 'E plank de ark right thro'.

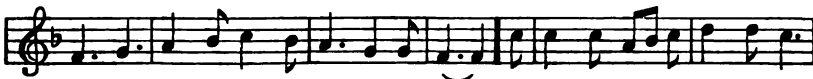
VII.

BEAUTIFUL STA'H.



Beau - ti - ful sta'h, sta'h, sta'h! Beau - ti - ful sta'h, bright mahnin' sta'h. Beau - ti - ful

FINE.



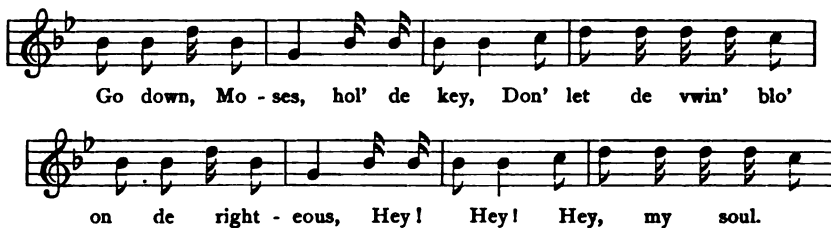
sta'h, sta'h, sta'h, good Lawd, a sta'h in der East. Al- tho' you see me go 'long so,



Sta'h in de East, I have my tri - ahls here be - low, The sta'h in de East.

VIII.

GO DOWN, MOSES.



Go down, Mo - ses, hol' de key, Don' let de vwin' blo'
on de right - eous, Hey! Hey! Hey, my soul.

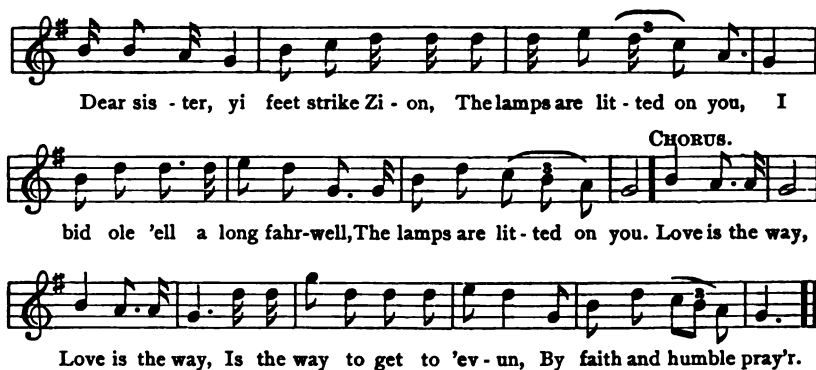
Go down, Moses, hol' de key,
Don' let de vwin' blo' on de righteous,
Hey! Hey! Hey, my soul.

Hey! come a fish by the name of vw'ale,
Swallowed brothe' Jonah by the head an' tail-a,
Hey! Hey! Hey, my soul.

You want to go to heaven vw 'en you die,
Jus' stop you' tongue from telling them lies,
Hey! Hey! Hey, my soul.

IX.

DEAR SISTER, YI FEET STRIKE ZION.



Dear sis - ter, yi feet strike Zi - on, The lamps are lit - ted on you, I
bid ole 'ell a long fahr-well, The lamps are lit - ted on you. Love is the way,
Love is the way, Is the way to get to 'ev - un, By faith and humble pray'r.

(With Dear brother, father, uncle, mother, etc., verses are made until all of the family and friends are brought in.)

X.

LOVE BRO'T DE SAVYE' DOWN.

CHORUS. 

Love, love, love bro't de Savye' down, Love, love, love fah me. Take a lit-tle peep o - ve'



Jeffrey's wall, Love fah me. See them sinners when they rise an' fall, Love fah me.

CHORUS. Love, love, etc.

Take a little peep ove' Jeffrey's wall,
Love fah me.
See them sinners when they rise an' fall,
Love fah me. CHO.

CHORUS.

Haid get wet with de midnight dew,
Love fah me,
The mahnin' star was a witness too,
Love fah me. CHO.

CHORUS.

Satin fi'ed 'is ball at me,
Love fah me,
'Is ball vwent misst, an' drapped in hell,
Love fah me. CHO.

XI.

WHEN DE MOON WENT DOWN.



When de moon went down in pur - ple stream, pur - ple stream, When de



sta's re - fused to shine, When ev - 'ry sta' dat dis - ap - peah, King



Je - sus will be mine, King Je - sus will be mine.

When de moon went down in purple stream,
 Purple stream,
 When de sta's refused to shine,
 When ev'ry sta' dat disappeah,
 King Jesus will be mine,
 King Jesus will be mine.

When de sun went down in purple stream,
 Purple stream,
 When de sta's refused to shine,
 When ev'ry sta' dat disappeah,
 King Jesus will be mine,
 King Jesus will be mine.

XII.

JESUS HEAL' THE SICK.

The musical score is written for a single voice part on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The score consists of six lines of music. The first line has a quarter rest at the beginning. The second line has a quarter rest at the beginning. The third line has a quarter rest at the beginning. The fourth line has a quarter rest at the beginning. The fifth line has a quarter rest at the beginning. The sixth line has a quarter rest at the beginning. The score ends with a double bar line.

Je - sus heal' the sick, gave sight to the blind, An' 'e made the
crip - ple to walk an' talk. 'E roll the stone from o - ver the
grave, An' 'e gave them com - mish-un to fly. Bow low. An' 'e
gave them com-mish - un to fly, Bro - the' Lass'-rass. An' 'e
gave them com-mish - un to fly, Si - mon Pe - ter. An' 'e
gave them commish-un to fly, An' 'e gave them commish-un to fly.

XIII.

O! LOOK-A DEATH.

CHORUS.

1. O! look - a death, it stole my moth - er a - way,

FINE.

O! look - a death, it stole my moth - er a - way.

D.S. & D.C.*

Ef you get there be - fore I do, It stole my moth - er a - way;
 Tell my Lawd I'm on the way, It stole my moth - er a - way;
 Ja - cob's lad - der mus' be long, It stole my moth - er a - way;
 The an - gels walk from 'ev - un down, It stole my moth - er a - way.

* Sing from ♩ to D.S. four times.

CHORUS. O! look-a death, etc.

Ef you get there before I do,
 It stole my mother away;
 Tell my Lawd I'm on the way,
 It stole my mother away;
 Jacob's ladder mus' be long,
 It stole my mother away;
 The angels walk from 'evun down,
 It stole my mother away. CHO.

CHORUS.

If I'd-a died when I was young,
 It stole my mother away;
 I would not have this race to run,
 It stole my mother away;
 Now all my trials 'ere below,
 It stole my mother away;
 An' when in 'evin we shall appear,
 It stole my mother away. CHO.

CHORUS.

Come 'long, Moses, don' get doubt,
 It stole my mother away;

I tho't I saw my Brothe'.

33

If you get doubt you will be los',
It stole my mother away;
Mary weep, an' Martha mourn,
It stole my mother away;
It won' be long before I go,
It stole my mother away. CHO.

XIV.

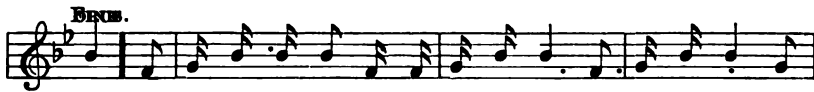
I THO'T I SAW MY BROTHE'.



I tho't I saw my bro - the' When 'e en - ter'd in - to the bright



king - dom, When 'e put - a on 'is long white robe, An' it fit 'im wer - y vwell.



It fit 'im wer - y vwell. It fit 'im wer - y vwell; He



put - a on a star - ry crown, An' it fit 'im wer - y vwell.

I tho't I saw my brothe'
When 'e enter'd into the bright kingdom,
When 'e put - a on 'is long white robe,
An' it fit 'im very vwell. CHO.

Swing me chariot; swing me,
All - a my trials with me,
Put - a on de long white robe,
An' it fit him very vwell. CHO.

XV.

EV'RYBODY WANTS TO KNOW.

Ev - 'ry - bod - y wants to know, mi Lawd, How I died, how I died,

how I died; Ev - 'ry - bod - y wants to know, mi Lawd, how I died; Ev - 'ry -

FINE.

bod - y wants to know how I died. Car - ry my bod - y to the

grave - yard, grave-yard, grave-yard, Car - ry then my bod - y to the

D.C.

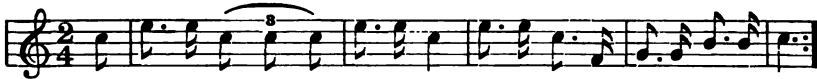
grave - yard, Ev - 'ry - bod - y wants to know how I died.

Ev'rybody wants to know, mi Lawd,
 How I died, how I died, how I died;
 Ev'rybody wants to know, mi Lawd, how I died;
 Ev'rybody wants to know how I died.
 Carry my body to the grave-yard, grave-yard, grave-yard,
 Carry then my body to the grave-yard,
 Ev'rybody wants to know how I died.

Ev'rybody wants to know, mi Lawd,
 How I died, how I died, how I died;
 Ev'rybody wants to know, mi Lawd, how I died;
 Ev'rybody wants to know, how I died.
 Carry my brother to the grave-yard, grave-yard, grave-yard,
 Carry then my brother to the grave-yard,
 Ev'rybody wants to know how I died.

XVI.

EV'RY DAY BE SUNDAY.



Good mahn-in' brether - en, how you do? Ev - 'ry day be Sun-day by an' by;
An' how are you, an' I am well, Ev - 'ry day be Sun-day by an' by.



Cry - ing, shine now; Ev - 'ry day be Sun-day by an' by.

Good mahnin' bretheren, how you do?
Ev'ry day be Sunday by an' by;
An' how are you, an' I am well,
Ev'ry day be Sunday by an' by.
Crying, shine now;
Ev'ry day be Sunday by and by.

Come along, sister, don' get los',
Ev'ry day be Sunday by an' by;
Jes' stretch your rod an' come across,
Ev'ry day be Sunday by an' by.
Crying, shine now;
Ev'ry day be Sunday by an' by.

I spoke to Moses on the sea,
Ev'ry day be Sunday by an' by;
Jes' stretch your rod an' come across,
Ev'ry day be Sunday by an' by.
Crying, shine now;
Ev'ry day be Sunday by an' by.

I spoke to Peter on the sea,
Ev'ry day be Sunday by an' by;
He left 'is net an' foller me,
Ev'ry day be Sunday by an' by.
Crying, shine now;
Ev'ry day be Sunday by an' by.

XVII.

GOOD NEWS IN THE KINGDOM.

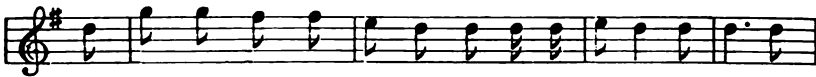
CHORUS.



Good news in the kin'-dom, An' I won' die no mo', mi lead-er;



Good news in the kin'-dom, Lawd, I won' die no mo'.



The Ro-man sol-dier pierced my Lawd, An' I won' die no mo'; They



pierced 'im to 'is ten-der side, An' I won' die no mo'.

CHORUS. Good news, etc.

The Roman soldier pierced my Lawd,
An' I won' die no mo';
They pierced 'im to 'is tender side,
An' I won' die no mo'. CHO.

CHORUS.

I sahr Kin' Peter on the sea,
An' I won' die no mo';
'E left 'is net an' foller'd me,
An' I won' die no mo'. CHO.

CHORUS.

Come on, Moses, don' get doubt,
An' I won' die no mo';
Stretch your rod an' come across,
An' I won' die no mo'. CHO.

CHORUS.

I do believe wi-rout I doubt,
An' I won' die no mo'.
The Christians has a right to shout,
An' I won' die no mo'. CHO.

Dig my Grave Long an' Narrow.

37

CHORUS.

I heard sich a ramblin' in the sky,
An' I won' die no mo' ;
I thought my Lawd was passin' by,
An' I won' die no mo'. CHO.

XVIII.

DIG MY GRAVE LONG AN' NARROW.



Dig my grave long an' nar-row, Make my cof - fin long and strong.



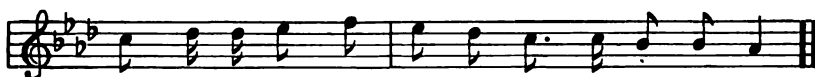
Bright an - gels to my feet, Bright an - gels to my head, Bright



an - gels to car-ry me when I die. Oh! mi lit-tle soul goin' shine, shine,



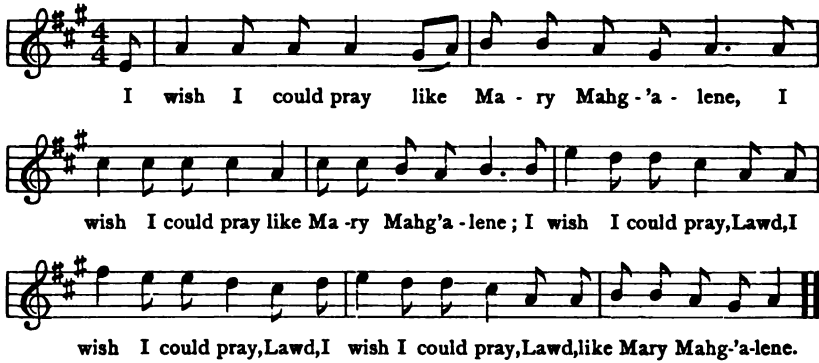
Oh! mi lit - tle soul goin' shine like a stahr, Oh! mi lit - tle soul goin'



shine like a stahr, good Lawd, I'm bound to 'evin at rest.

XIX.

I WISH I COULD PRAY.



I wish I could pray like Ma - ry Mahg - 'a - lene, I
 wish I could pray like Ma - ry Mahg - 'a - lene ; I wish I could pray, Lawd, I
 wish I could pray, Lawd, I wish I could pray, Lawd, like Mary Mahg - 'a - lene.

I wish I could pray like Mary Mahg'alene,
 I wish I could pray like Mary Mahg'alene ;
 I wish I could pray, Lawd,
 I wish I could pray, Lawd,
 I wish I could pray, Lawd, like Mary Mahg'alene.

Teach me the way like Mary Mahg'alene,
 Teach me the way like Mary Mahg'alene ;
 Teach me the way, Lawd,
 Teach me the way, Lawd,
 Teach me the way, Lawd, like Mary Mahg'alene.

Anybody here like Mary Mahg'alene,
 Anybody here like Mary Mahg'alene ;
 Anybody here, Lawd,
 Anybody here, Lawd,
 Anybody here, Lawd, like Mary Mahg'alene.

Cast out seven devils like Mary Mahg'alene,
 Cast out seven devils like Mary Mahg'alene ;
 Cast out seven devils, Lawd,
 Cast out seven devils, Lawd,
 Cast out seven devils, Lawd, like Mary Mahg'alene.

XX.

DON'T YOU FEEL THE FIRE A-BURNIN'.

CHORUS.



Don't you feel the fire a-burn - in', You feel the fire a-burn - in', You



feel the fire a - burn - in', So pre - cious to your soul? FINE.



Rise an' give to glo-ry, Shout Hal-le - lu - iah, Rise an' give to glo - ry, So



pre - cious to your soul. My broth-er, you feel the fire a - burn - in', You



feel the fire a - burn - in', You feel the fire a - burn - in', So



pre-cious to your soul. Rise an' give to glo - ry, Shout Hal-le - lu - iah,



Rise an' give to glo - ry, So pre - cious to your soul. D.C.

(All verses are alike except for the substitution of the names of the other relations, leaders, ministers, etc., etc., in the place of brother.)

XXI.

ŌPON DE ROCK.



Bro - the' An-drew, whey you bin when de dry wea - the' come?

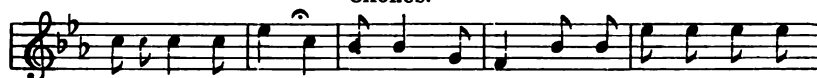


Bin-a on de rock, says, wait-in' for rain. Bro-the' An-drew, whey you



bin when de dry wea - the' come? Bin on de rock, says,

CHORUS.



wait - in' for rain. Ōp - on de rock Ōp - on de rock,



Ōp - on de rock, let de wat - er run out. Ōp - on de rock,



Ōp - on de rock, Ōp - on de rock of a - ges.


Turn Back an' Pray.

41

XXII.


TURN BACK AN' PRAY.

CHORUS.




Pray, lead - er, pray; why don't you pray? Oh! the

FINE.




pret - ty bright star shall be your guide, Turn back an' pray.



Go down to the foun-tain if you dry, Turn back an' pray; An'

D.C.



there you'll drink your full sup - ply, Turn back an' pray.

CHORUS. Pray, leader, pray, etc.

Go down to the fountain if you dry,
Turn back an' pray;
An' there you'll drink your full supply,
Turn back an' pray. CHO.

CHORUS.

I was a mourner jus' like you,
Turn back an' pray;
Oh! did n't I mourn till I get through,
Turn back an' pray. CHO.

CHORUS.

Oh! the tallest tree in Paradise,
Turn back an' pray;
Them Christians calls it "Tree of Life,"
Turn back an' pray. CHO.

CHORUS.

Hark! Hark! I heard 'im groan,
Turn back an' pray;
I heard 'im groan those pitiful groans,
Turn back an' pray. CHO.

Bahama Songs and Stories.

CHORUS.

Mary weep an' Martha mourn,
 Turn back and pray;
 Yes! my Lawd was crucified,
 Turn back an' pray. CHO.

XXIII.

COME OUT THE WILDERNESS.



Moth - er, for your soul's sake, Come out the wil - der - ness,



Come out the wil - der - ness, Come out the wil - der - ness;



Moth - er, for your soul's sake, Come out the wil - der - ness,

CHORUS.



Talk - in' a - bout the Lawd. Bin a long time a -



talk - in' 'bout the Lawd! Bin a long time a - talk - in' 'bout the Lawd!

(A number of verses formed with brother, sister, etc.)

XXIV.

UM DIED ONCE TO DIE NO MO'.



Um died once to die no mo',
Ah-a-a,
Um died once to die no mo',
Um bin on the secret prayer.

My mother, sence I saw you last,
Ah-a-a,
My mother, sence I saw you last,
Um bin on the secret prayer.

Um bin down an' view the cross,
Ah-a-a,
Um bin down an' view the cross,
Um bin on the secret prayer.

Goin' to walk an' talk with the angels, Lawd,
Ah-a-a,
Goin' to walk an' talk with the angels, Lawd,
Um bin on the secret prayer.

Um bin down to Jacob's well,
Ah-a-a,
Um bin down to Jacob's well,
Um bin on the secret prayer.

Bin an' drink the living springs,
Ah-a-a,
Bin an' drink the living springs,
Um bin on the secret prayer.

Dear father, sence I sahr you las',
Ah-a-a,

Bahama Songs and Stories.

Dear father, sence I sahr you las',
Um bin on the secret prayer.

I'll shout my way to 'eaven, Lawd,
Ah-a-a,
I'll shout my way to 'eaven, Lawd,
Um bin on the secret prayer.

XXV.

THE-R HEAVEN BELLS ARE RINGIN'.

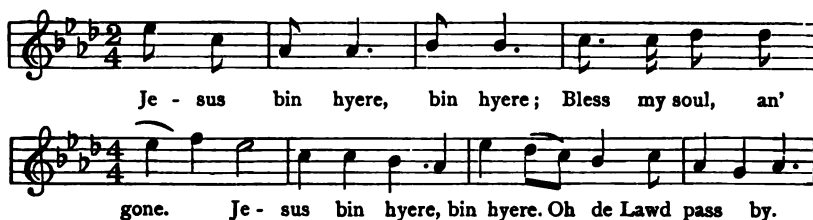
CHORUS.



(Any number of verses may be made by substituting the words "mother," "father," etc., for "sister" in the above.)

XXVI.

JESUS BIN HYERE.



XXVII.

DO YOU LIVE BY PRAYER?



Do you live by prayer? Do you live by prayer? Oh yes, I do live by prayer.

Do you live by prayer?
Do you live by prayer?
Oh yes, I do live by prayer.

Re-e-member me,
Re-e-member me,
Oh yes, remember me.

Have you passed here before?
Have you passed here before?
Oh yes, I have passed here before.

When I can read
My title clear
To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid farewell
To ev'ry fear,
An' wipe my weepin' eyes.

Then I can smile
At Satan's rage
To see a burnin' world.

XXVIII.

I CAN'T STAY IN EGYPT LAN'.

The musical score is written for a single voice on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. The score is divided into a main body and a chorus. The main body consists of two lines of music. The first line has a key signature change to one flat (Bb) for the second half. The chorus is marked 'CHORUS.' and consists of two lines of music, both in the key of one flat. The lyrics are: 'O sin - ne' man, how can you stan', I can - not stay in de E - gypt la-an'; My gos - pel go - in' from sho' to sho', I can't stay in E - gypt lan'. Ca - an't stay a - way, Ca - an't stay a - way, Ca - an't stay a - way, mi Lord, Can't stay in de E - gypt lan'.

O sin - ne' man, how can you stan', I can - not stay in de
E - gypt la-an'; My gos - pel go - in' from sho' to sho', I
CHORUS.
can't stay in E - gypt lan'. Ca - an't stay a - way, Ca - an't stay a - way,
Ca - an't stay a - way, mi Lord, Can't stay in de E - gypt lan'.

O sinne' man how can you stan',
I cannot stay in de Egypt lan';
My gospel goin from sho' to sho',
I can't stay in Egypt lan'. CHO.

To-morrow mornin', baptisum day;
I cannot stay in de Egypt lan';
My gospel goin' from sho' to sho',
I can't stay in Egypt lan'. CHO.

I looked on mi feet; mi feet looked new,
I cannot stay in de Egypt lan';
I swear by God I was runnin' too,
I can't stay in Egypt lan'. CHO.

XXIX.

NOTHIN' BUT THE RIGHTEOUS.



Noth - in' but the Right-eous shall get in the gate,



Noth - in' but the Right-eous shall get in the gate,



Noth-in' but the Righteous shall get in the gate, O Lawd,how long?

Nothin' but the Righteous shall get in the gate,
Nothin' but the Righteous shall get in the gate,
Nothin' but the Righteous shall get in the gate;
O Lawd, how long?

Teach me the way to get in the gate,
Teach me the way to get in the gate,
Teach me the way to get in the gate;
O Lawd, how long?

Give me the faith to get in the gate,
Give me the faith to get in the gate,
Give me the faith to get in the gate;
O Lawd, how long?

Give me the hands for to shout that day,
Give me the hands for to shout that day,
Give me the hands for to shout that day;
O Lawd, how long?

Nothing but the Righteous shall wear the crown,
Nothing but the Righteous shall wear the crown,
Nothing but the Righteous shall wear the crown,
O Lawd, how long?

Slip an' slide those golden streets,
Slip an' slide those golden streets,
Slip an' slide those golden streets;
O Lawd, how long?

XXX.

DEATH WAS A LITTLE T'ING.

Death was a lit - tle | t'ing, It go from do' to do', Oh you
 take 'im in de si - len' grave, It nev - er to rise no
 mo'. Oh glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the *D.S.*
 Lawd, Oh glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Go an' serve de Lawd.

(Sing from *S* to *D. S.* unto the end.)

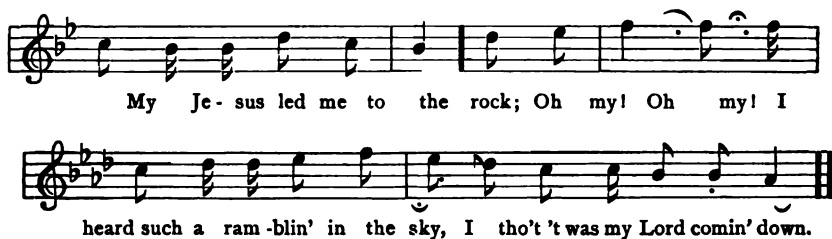
Death was a little t'ing,
 It go from do' to do',
 Oh you take 'im in de silen' grave,
 It never to rise no mo'.
 Oh glory Hallelujah!
 Praise ye the Lawd,
 Oh glory Hallelujah!
 Go an' serve de Lawd.

It is death, Hallelujah!
 Praise ye de Lawd,
 It is death, Hallelujah!
 I 'm goin' serve de Lawd,
 Pray, brother, Hallelujah!
 Praise ye de Lawd.

Pray, my brother, Hallelujah!
 I 'm goin' serve de Lawd,
 Sing, sister, Hallelujah!
 Praise ye de Lawd,
 Sing, sister, Hallelujah!
 I 'm goin' serve de Lawd.

XXXI.

MY JESUS LED ME TO THE ROCK.



My Je- sus led me to the rock; Oh my! Oh my! I
heard such a ram-blin' in the sky, I tho't 't was my Lord comin' down.

XXXII.

COM' 'LONG, BROTHER.



My broth-er, it's no par-tik-a-lar place fah you, An' I
FINE.
sahr a cit-y in my new. Com' 'long, brother, go with me, I
sahr a cit-y in my new. Com', go with me to the
House of God, I sahr a cit-y in my new.

My brother, it's no partikalar place fah you,
An' I sahr a city in my new.
Com' 'long, brother, go with me,
I sahr a city in my new.
Com', go with me to the House of God,
I sahr a city in my new.

Jacob's ladde' mus' be long,
I sahr a city in my new.

Bahama Songs and Stories.

De angels shout from heavin down,
I sahr a city in my new.

Pray, my brothe', you soon be free,
I sahr a city in my new ;
Pray with the Spirit God in your soul,
I sahr a city in my new.

XXXIII.

NEVER A MAN SPEAK LIKE THIS MAN.

CHORUS.



Oh! look - a' death, look - a' death, She's trav - 'lin' thro' 'the



lan', She's trav - 'lin' thro' the lan', For I nev - e' sawhr a

FINE.



man for to speak like this man. I wish ole Sa - tan would be still, I
An' let me do my Mas - ter's will, I



nev - e' sawhr a man for to speak like this man ;
nev - e' sawhr a man for to speak like this man.

CHORUS. Oh! look-a' death, etc.
I wish ole Satan would be still,
I neve' sawhr a man for to speak like this man ;
And let me do my Master's will,
I neve' sawhr a man for to speak like this man. CHO.

CHORUS.
I heard sich a ram'lin' in the sky,
I neve' sawhr a man for to speak like this man ;
I tho't my Lawd was passin' by,
I neve' sawhr a man for to speak like this man. CHO.

Goin' to Ride on de Cross.

51

CHORUS.

Jacob's ladder mus' be long,
I neve' sawhr a man for to speak like this man;
The angels shout from 'eavin down,
I neve' sawhr a man for to speak like this man. CHO.

CHORUS.

I saw King Peter on the sea,
I neve' sawhr a man for to speak like this man;
He left his net an' follow me,
I neve' sawhr a man for to speak like this man. CHO.

XXXIV.

GOIN' TO RIDE ON DE CROSS.

Oh mi Je - sus ride on de cross, Goin' to ride on de
crahs, Goin' to ride on de cross, In heaven for - ev - e' - mo'.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The first staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with a melody line and a bass line. The second staff is in F major (one flat) and 4/4 time, continuing the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Oh mi Jesus ride on de cross,
Goin to ride on de crahs,
Goin' to ride on de cross,
In heaven foreve'mo'.

Jesus says 'e bette' than gole,
Says 'e bette' than gole,
Says 'e bette' than gole,
In heaven foreve'mo'.

XXXV.

DON'T YOU WEEP AFTER ME.



When um dead an' bur - ied, Don't you weep af - ter me ;



When um dead an' bur - ied, Don't you weep af - ter me ;



When um dead an' bur - ied, Don't you weep af - ter



me, For I don' want you to weep af - ter me.

When um dead an' buried,
 Don't you weep after me ;
 When um dead an' buried,
 Don't you weep after me ;
 When um dead an' buried,
 Don't you weep after me,
 For I don' want you to weep after me.

Sailin' on the ocean,
 Don't you weep after me ;
 Sailin' on the ocean,
 Don't you weep after me ;
 Sailin' on the ocean,
 Don't you weep after me,
 For I don' want you to weep after me.

In the old ship of Zion,
 Don't you weep after me ;
 In the old ship of Zion,
 Don't you weep after me ;
 In the old ship of Zion,
 Don't you weep after me,
 For I don' want you to weep after me.

Kin' Peter is the capt'in,
Don't you weep after me ;
Kin' Peter is the capt'in,
Don't you weep after me ;
Kin' Peter is the capt'in,
Don't you weep after me,
For I don' want you to weep after me.

Bright angels is the sailors,
Don't you weep after me ;
Bright angels is the sailors,
Don't you weep after me ;
Bright angels is the sailors,
Don't you weep after me,
For I don' want you to weep after me.

You poor distressed sinners,
Don't you weep after me ;
You poor distressed sinners,
Don't you weep after me ;
You poor distressed sinners,
Don't you weep after me,
For I don' want you to weep after me.

Oh, look-a' Mary,
Don't you weep after me ;
Oh, look-a' Mary,
Don't you weep after me ;
Oh, look-a' Mary,
Don't you weep after me,
For I don' want you to weep after me.

She's lookin' over Jordun,
Don't you weep after me ;
She's lookin' over Jordun,
Don't you weep after me ;
She's lookin' over Jordun,
Don't you weep after me,
For I don' want you to weep after me.

Oh, look-a' Martha,
Don't you weep after me ;
Oh, look-a' Martha,
Don't you weep after me ;

Bahama Songs and Stories.

Oh, look-a' Martha,
Don't you weep after me,
For I don' want you to weep after me.

Oh, run along my friends,
Don't you weep after me ;
Oh, run along my friends,
Don't you weep after me ;
Oh, run along my friends,
Don't you weep after me,
For I don' want you to weep after me.

Tell my Lawd I'm coming,
Don't you weep after me ;
Tell my Lawd I'm coming,
Don't you weep after me ;
Tell my Lawd I'm coming,
Don't you weep after me,
For I don' want you to weep after me.

(There seems to be no end to the verses of this song.),

XXXVI.

OH! WE ALL GOT RELIGION.

My fa - the', where war you? My fa - the', where war you? My
fa - the', where war you, When my good Lawd was there?
CHORUS.
Oh! we all got re - li - gion in that day, in that day, in that day; Oh! we
all got re - li - gion in that day. Wait on, the trump shall sound.

The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff is in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The lyrics are: 'My fa - the', where war you? My fa - the', where war you? My'. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics: 'fa - the', where war you, When my good Lawd was there?'. The third staff is marked 'CHORUS.' and has lyrics: 'Oh! we all got re - li - gion in that day, in that day, in that day; Oh! we'. The fourth staff concludes the chorus with lyrics: 'all got re - li - gion in that day. Wait on, the trump shall sound.' The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

My fathe', where war you?
My fathe', where war you?
My fathe', where war you,
When my good Lawd was there? CHO.

My mothe', where war you?
My mothe', where war you?
My mothe', where war you,
When my good Lawd was there? CHO.

My brothe', where war you?
My brothe', where war you?
My brothe', where war you,
When my good Lawd was there? CHO.

You swearers, where war you?
You swearers, where war you?
You swearers, where war you,
When my good Lawd was there? CHO.

You drunkards, where war you?
You drunkards, where war you?
You drunkards, where war you,
When my good Lawd was there. CHO.

Bahama Songs and Stories.

My mourners, where war you?
My mourners, where war you?
My mourners, where war you,
When my good Lawd was there? CHO.

My leaders, where war you?
My leaders, where war you?
My leaders, where war you,
When my good Lawd was there? CHO.

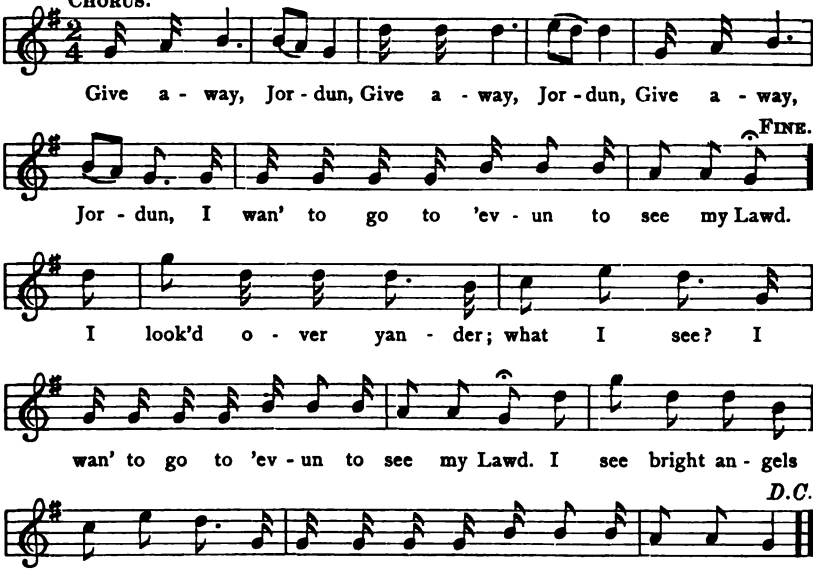
CHORUS. (To be sung after last verse.)

Oh, the jin-i-wine religion
In that day, in that day, in that day;
Oh, the jin-i-wine religion in that day.
Wait on, the trump shall sound.

XXXVII.

I WAN' TO GO TO 'EVUN.

CHORUS.



Give a - way, Jor - dun, Give a - way, Jor - dun, Give a - way,
Jor - dun, I wan' to go to 'ev - un to see my Lawd.
I look'd o - ver yan - der; what I see? I
wan' to go to 'ev - un to see my Lawd. I see bright an - gels
stand - in' there, I wan' to go to 'ev - un to see my Lawd.

CHORUS. Give away, Jordun, etc.

I look'd over yander; what I see?

I wan' to go to 'evun to see my Lawd.

I see bright angels standin' there,

I wan' to go to 'evun to see my Lawd. CHO.

CHORUS.

The talles' tree in Par-i-dise,

I wan' to go to 'evun to see my Lawd.

The Christians call it "Tree of Life,"

I wan' to go to 'evun to see my Lawd. CHO.

CHORUS.

Jus' le' me put on mi long white robe,

I wan' to go to 'evun to see my Lawd.

I'll march Jerusalem 'round an' 'round,

I wan' to go to 'evun to see my Lawd. CHO.

XXXVIII.

I LONG TO SEE THAT DAY.

CHORUS.



Roll, Jor - din, roll, Je - ru - sa - lem my hap - py home ;
 FINE.
 Roll, Jor - din, roll, I long to see that day.
 I wish ole Sa - tan would be still, I long to see that day ; An'
 let me do my Mas - ter's will, I long to see that day.

CHORUS. Roll, Jordin, roll, etc.

I wish ole Satan would be still,
 I long to see that day ;
 An' let me do my Master's will,
 I long to see that day. CHO.

CHORUS.

Run up, father, before too late,
 I long to see that day ;
 Bfo' King Jesus shet 'is gate,
 I long to see that day. CHO.

CHORUS.

You knock me down, I rise agen,
 I long to see that day ;
 An' fight you with my fired sword,
 I long to see that day. CHO.

CHORUS.

O! Satan's med an' I am gled,
 I long to see that day ;
 Because 'e misst the soul of men,
 I long to see that day. CHO.

XXXIX.

LAWD, REMEMBER ME.

De win' blo' eas' an' de win' blo' wes', It blo' like Judg-men' day.
CHORUS.

O sin - ne' you bet - ter pray, Do, Lawd, re - mem - ber me!
FINE.

Do, Lawd, re - mem - ber me! Do, Lawd, re - mem - ber me!
D.S.

De win' blo' eas' an' de win' blo' wes',
It blo' like Judgmen' day. CHO.

Jacob's ladder mus' be long,
De angels shout from heavin down. CHO.

Halleluiah to de Lam',
My Lawd on de gainin' en'. CHO.

Com' along, Mosis, don' git doubt,
If you git doubt you will be los'. CHO.

Mi he'd get wet wid di midnight dew,
De mahnin stah was a witniss too. CHO.

Hark! hark! I 'ear 'em groan,
I hear 'em groan de pitiful groan. CHO.

I spoke to Pete' on de sea,
'E left 'is net an' follar me. CHO.

XL.

WE'LL GIT HOME BY AND BY.

Oh! we'll break this bread to - geth - e', Oh! we'll break this bread to -

geth - e', Lawd, On the oth - e' side of Jer - din. We'll

CHORUS.

git home by an' by. Don' git wea - ry; Don' git

wea - ry, Don' git wea - ry, We'll git home by an' by.

Oh! we'll break this bread togethe',
 Oh! we'll break this bread togethe', Lawd,
 On the othe' side of Jerdin.
 We'll git home by an' by. CHO.

Oh! we'll shout an' talk togethe',
 Oh! we'll shout an' talk togethe', Lawd,
 On the othe' side of Jerdin.
 We'll git home by an' by. CHO.

Oh! we'll sing an' shout togethe',
 Oh! we'll sing an' shout togethe', Lawd,
 On the othe' side of Jerdin.
 We'll git home by an' by. CHO.

STORIES.

I.

B' RABBY IN DE CORN-FIELD.¹

Once it vwas a time, a very good time,
De monkey chewed tobacco, an' 'e spit white lime.²

So dis day, it vwas a man ; had a big fiel' ; peas, corn, and potato'. De man did n't used to go in de fiel'. 'E send his boy. So dis day B' Rabby come vw'ere de boy vwas. 'E say, "Boy, you' pa say, 'gi' me some peas, corn, and potato'." 'E let 'im eat as much as 'e vwant. De nex' day B' Rabby come back again. 'E say, "Boy, you' pa say, 'gi' me some peas, corn, an' potatoes.'" So now vw'en de boy vwent home de boy say, "Pa, you tell B' Rabby to say, I say must give 'im peas, corn, an' potatoes?" De man say, "No, I aint see B' Rabby." 'E say, "De nex' time B' Rabby come dere you mus' tie B' Rabby an' let 'im eat as much peas, corn, an' potatoes as 'e like." 'E say, "You mus'n' let 'im go." De nex' day B' Rabby come. 'E say, "Boy, you' pa say, 'gi' me some peas, corn, an' potatoes.'" B' Boy say, "Le' me tie you up first." B' Rabby say, "All right, but vw'en I done eatin' you mus' let me go." B' Boy say, "All right," too. Now vw'en B' Rabby vwas done eatin', B' Rabby say, "Boy, le' me go now!" B' Boy say, "No!" B' Rabby say, "Min', you better le' me go!" B' Boy say, "No!" B' Boy vwent to call his pa. B' Boy say, "Come, pa, got 'im to-day!" De man vwent over in de fiel'. Dey ketch B' Rabby ; bring 'im up ; put 'im in de hiron cage.

Now dey had on six big pots o' hot vwater. B' Tiger vwas comin' past. 'E say, "Vw'ats de matter, B' Rabby?" 'E say, "Dey got me in here to marry de Queen's daughter, an' I don' vwan' to marry 'er." Now 'e say, "D' see dem six pots dere? Dey got dem full, *full* o' cow-'eads for my weddin'." B' Tiger say, "Put me

¹ I must again call attention to the fact that there is not an invariable dialect among the Bahama negroes, the same word often being pronounced differently in succeeding phrases or sentences. My effort, therefore, has been to report these tales as phonetically as is possible with the English alphabet as ordinarily used.

² The old stories are almost always introduced by this doggerel verse, and very often some expression, as, "'T wa'n't my time ; 't wa'n't you' time ; was old folks time," is added.

in, I vwan' to marry de Queen's daughter." B' Rabby say, "Take me up!" B' Rabby jump up. 'E fasten up B' Tiger. Now B' Rabby *gone*! 'E git in one hollow, hollow pison-wood tree.¹

De boy come out an' say, "Pa, dey big one here!" De man say, "Don't care if 'e big one or little one, I goin' to scal' 'im." De man come out. 'E git de hot vwater. 'E take de big pot full, *boilin' up*; 'e swash on B' Tiger. B' Tiger 'e holler, "'T ain' me! 't ain' me!" De man say, "Don't care 'f 't ain' you, or vw'at, I goin' scal' you." 'E scal' B' Tiger. B' Tiger 'e give one jump; 'e knock de cage all to pieces. B' Tiger *gone*!

'E come to dis same pison-wood tree B' Rabby vvas in. 'E sit down right on de stump o' de tree vw'at B' Rabby was in. B' Rabby had one sharp, sharp stick, an' 'e shove right into B' Tiger. B' Tiger say, "*My goody!*" 'e say, "Hants here!" B' Rabby take de stick; 'e shove it out; 'e stick B' Tiger. B' Tiger say, "No dis aint hants; B' Rabby here." Den B' Tiger look down in de hole an' 'e see B' Rabby settin' dere. B' Tiger say, "*Ha-an!*" B' Rabby! Never min', you cause me to get scalded;" 'e say, "N'er min'! I goin' ketch you!" B' Rabby say, "Move, boy! Le' me git out! Doan' min' me!" B' Rabby *gone*!

B' Rabby see one dead goat in de road. De goat dead; stink and be rotten. All de goat back vvas rottin' away. B' Rabby *gone*; 'e git inside de dead goat.

B' Tiger vvas comin' fas'! Vw'en B' Rabby look, 'e see B' Tiger comin'. B' Rabby vvas doin', "*Huhn! huhn!*" vvas doin' so in de goat, "*Huhn! huhn!*" B' Tiger say, "Vw'ats de matter, B' Goat?" 'E say, "B' Rabby vwen' past here just now; poin' he finger at me an' rottin' away all my back." B' Rabby *gone* out de dead goat.

B' Rabby vvas fishin'. 'E see B' Tiger. B' Rabby had he finger bent. B' Rabby say, "Min', I goin' poin'!" B' Tiger say, "*Do B' Rabby, doan' poin'!*" 'Dat 's vw'at B' Tiger say. B' Rabby did n' poin'.

E bo ban, my story 's en',
If you doan' believe my story 's true,
Hax my captain an, my crew,
Vw'en I die bury me in a pot o' candle grease.²

↯ Cf. Harris, *Nights with Uncle Remus; Myths*, etc., Boston, 1883, pp. 187 and 194; XXIII. and XXIX., Harris, *Uncle Remus*, etc.; *His Songs and His Sayings*, etc., New York, 1881, pp. 100 and 123.

² The first three lines of this doggerel verse form the customary ending of a story, while the last line may be added to suit the individual fancy of the narrator. E bo ban is probably African.



A Group of Children



Celebration of Emancipation — the Procession



II.

B' HELEPHANT AND B' VW'ALE.¹

Once it vwas a time, etc.

Now dis day B' Rabby vwas walkin' 'long de shore. 'E see B' Vw'ale. 'E say, "B' Vw'ale!" B' Vw'ale say, "Hey!" B' Rabby say, "B' Vw'ale, I bet I could pull you on de shore!" B' Vw'ale say, "You cahnt!" B' Rabby say, "I bet you t'ree t'ousan' dollar!" B' Vw'ale say, "Hall right!" 'E *gone*.

'E meet B' Helephant. 'E say, "B' Helephant," 'e say, "I bet you I could pull you in de sea!" B' Helephant say, "Me!" 'E say, "Dey aint ary man in de worl' can pull *me* in de sea!" B' Rabby say, "I'll try it to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

'E gone an' get a heap o' rope. 'E say, "Now to-day we'll try it." 'E tie one rope aroun' B' Vw'ale's neck, and den 'e tie one aroun' B' Helephant's neck. 'E say, "Vw'en you hear me say, '*Set taut*,' you mus' set taut." 'E say, "*Pull away!*" Vw'en B' Vw'ale pull, 'e pull B' Helephant in de surf o' de sea. 'E say, "You t'ink dis little B' Rabby doin' all o' dat!" W'en B' Helephant pull taut, 'e pull B' Vw'ale in de surf o' de sea. B' Vw'ale ketch underneath one shelf o' de rock, and B' Helephant ketch to one big tree. Den de two on 'em pull so heavy de rope broke.

B' Vw'ale went in de ocean and B' Helephant vwent vay over in de pine-yard. Das v'y you see B' Vw'ale in de ocean to-day, and das vy you see B' Helephant over in de pine bushes to-day.

'E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

III.

B' RABBY, B' SPIDER, AN' B' BOUKI.²

Once it vwas a time, etc.

B' Rabby, B' Spider, and B' Bouki wen' in de fiel'. As evening vwas comin' dey was comin' home in de boat. An' dey had one

¹ Cf. XXVI., Harris, *Uncle Remus*, l. c., p. 111.

² *Le bouc*; in Louisiana negro-lore, *bouki*; Fortier, *Trans. and Proc. of the Mod. Lang. As. of Am.* vol. iii. Baltimore, 1888, pp. 100-168. The name B' Bouki has been adopted by the Bahama negroes as a proper name, without any knowledge of its original meaning.

bunch o' bananas to share, and dey did n' know how to share it. An' B' Spider did say to B' Rabby, "T'row de bunch o' bananas overboar' an' den who could *dive* de mostest could *have* de mostest."

Den dey pull off de'r close. B' Rabby had de furst dive. Vw'en 'e vent down to bottom 'e bring up four bananas. Vw'en B' Bouki vwent down 'e bring up two. B' Spider vw'en 'e pitch overboar' 'e float.

B' Rabby pitch overboar' again an' 'e bring up six. B' Bouki pitch overboar' again an' 'e bring up four. B' Spider pitch overboar' again ; 'e *float*. 'E say, "You no tie de grapple to me an' le' me go down an' get hall." An' 'e vwent down ; 'e ketch hall on 'em ; an' 'e could n' come hup no more.

An' B' Rabby take his knife an' cut away de rope. An' den dey vwent home. An' B' Spider ——— ; vw'en dey hax 'em, "Whey B' Spider ?" An' B' Rabby say, "B' Spider 'e did have such a big eye ; 'e did vwant all de bananas an' 'e could n' dive." 'E say, "B' Spider did say, 'You no tie dis grapple to me an' le' me get hall.'" An' de Spider's mudder say, "'F you don' go fetch 'im I put you in prison." An' dey say dey aint gwine. An' de vwoman did carry 'em to prison. An' B' Rabby did put de vwoman in jail. An' de judge did say, 'e couldn' put B' Rabby in prison fur dat, cause 't was B' Spider's fault.

E bo ban, my story's en', etc.

IV.

B' MAN, B' RAT, AN' B' TIGER-CAT.

Once it vwas a time, etc.

So now dis day ; ebry time de rat use' to go in de man' field eatin' de man' peas, potatoes, an' his corn. So now dis day de man ketch de rat ; 'e had de rat in de cage to kill 'im. De rat say, "*Do*, B' Man, spare my life, I'll never come back any more !" De man say, "*Hall* right !" 'E let de rat go. B' Rat vwent vay hover in de vwood ; 'e never come back any more.

Dis day de man vwent shootin' pigeons. 'E vwent vay over in de vwoods ; 'e shoot a big bunch o' pigeons. Now 'e *gone*, 'e see t'ree young tiger-cats. De man vw'en' 'e gone 'e take all t'ree de tiger-cats. Soon as 'e make one step de hold tiger-cat, 'e after 'im an' growl. De tiger-cat say, "'T aint no good to put down my young ones, so you might as well keep 'em." B' Tiger-cat say, "B' Man, le' me tell you vw'at to do."

B' Tiger-cat vwas hup in one tree ready to pitch on de man. B' Tiger-cat say, "You let de dog heat de pigeons; you heat de dog, an' let me heat you." De man stan' up an' 'e study. B' Tiger-cat say, "Talk fas', B' Man; talk fas'!" 'e say, "Let de dog heat de pigeons; you heat de dog, an' le' me heat you." Den dat same rat w'at de man let go jump out de road. 'E say, "Yes, B' Man, do dat; give de pigeons to de dog; you heat de dog, and let B' Tiger-cat heat you, an' let me heat B' Tiger-cat."

B' Tiger-cat stan' up; 'e study. B' Man say, "Talk fas', B' Tiger-cat, talk fas'!" B' Man vwent towards his gun. B' Tiger-cat jus' vwas studerin' on vw'at B' Man say. Den de man pick up his gun. Vw'en 'e fire 'e shoot B' Tiger-cat dead. Den B' Rat jump up an' say, "One good turn deserve another! One good turn deserve another! One good turn deserve another!"¹

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

V.

B' BOUKI AN' B' RABBY.

Once it vwas a time, etc.

It vwas B' Rabby; 'e use' to go to de Queen's pasture ebry night an' take de bigges' sheep from de flock. So dis night vw'en 'e wen', de Queen's servant did put a lion at de head o' all de hudder sheeps. B' Rabby vwas takin' dat to be a sheep, an' 'e carried 'im a little vays in de road an' 'e say, "Look 'ere, dis t'ing don' vwalk like sheep, dis t'ing vwalk like lion!" An' 'e call out for B' Bouki. 'E say, "B' Bouki, 'ere, take dis sheep. I got to go up 'ere in de wood for de hudder one I got tied in de fence!" An' vw'en B' Bouki get a little vays, 'e sing out, 'e say, "Dis t'ing don' vwalk like sheep!" 'E say, "Dis t'ing vwalk like lion!" Den 'e hollered out to his vwife an' children, tell dem all to get up in de roof o' de house.² 'E holler out, say, "De lion comin' to tear you to pieces!" An' vw'en de lion get to de house, 'e walk in tr'u de door an' 'e see all on 'em up in de roof an' 'e look up at 'em.

An' de smalles' chil' say, "Fadder an' mudder, I know you love me, but I cahnt hold out no longer!" An' de fadder say, "See lion 'ere!" An' vw'en de chil' drop de lion tear her to pieces. De

¹ Cf. XVIII., Chatelain, *Folk-Tales of Angola*, Boston, 1894, p. 157.

² Cf. "De Reason Br'er Rabbit wears a Short Tail," Christensen, *Afro-American Folk-Lore*, Boston, 1892, p. 26.

hudder one say, "Fadder an' mudder, I know you love me, but my harms is tired!" An' his fadder say, "See lion dere!" An' vw'en 'e drop de lion tear 'im to pieces. Dis de bigges' one now; 'e say, "Fadder an' mudder, I know you love me an' I love you, but I cahnt hold out no longer!" An' de fadder say, "See lion dere!" An' vw'en 'e drop de lion tear 'im to pieces. His vwife say, "I know you love me," an' she say, "I love you, too!" De husband was so pitiful 'e could n' talk, an' 'e jus' p'int his finger down to de lion an' his vwife drop. An' after 'e see all on 'em vwas gone 'e wwent out t'r'u' de roof o' de house an' 'e stay dere until de mornin', an dat's how 'e vwas save. B' Lion could n' jump an' 'e vwen' away.

E bo ban, my story's en', etc.

VI.

B' BARACOUTI¹ AN' B' MAN.²

Once it vwas a time, etc.

Once it vwas a man; 'e had a fiel' 'pon a differ'n' part o' de shore. Dis day 'e did vwan' to go to his fiel'; 'e met a shark. 'E said to de shark, "Please carry me 'cross to my fiel'!" B' Shark say, "All right!" an' 'e carried him 'cross. Vw'en 'e got 'cross 'e give B' Shark a good cut. B' Shark say, "All right!"

'E come out again from his fiel'; 'e meet B' Shark again. 'E say, "B' Shark, *please* carry me 'cross once more!" B' Shark say, "All right!" An' B' Shark carried him 'cross again. An' 'e give B' Shark a heavy cut again. B' Shark say, "All right!"

De nex' day de man did vwan' go 'cross again. 'E say, "B' Shark, *please* carry me 'cross to dat shore;" 'e say, "I'll give you a fortune!" B' Shark carry 'im again, an' 'e give B' Shark *such* a cut, till B' Shark had to lay awake till 'e come out again.

Sun vwas nearly down vw'en de man come out. 'E say, "B' Shark, *please* carry me 'cross again;" 'e say, "I'll pay you vw'en I get 'cross." B' Shark say, "Get on my back." De firs' fish B' Shark meet vwas a corb.³ B' Shark say, "B' Corb, you do man good an' man do you harm;" 'e say, "Vw'at you mus' do tor him?" B'

¹ The baracouti is an eel-like fish, with numerous, strong, sharp teeth, and is very savage when attacked.

² Variants: XIX., Harris, *l. c.*, p. 88; XXI., Jones, *Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast*, Boston, 1888, p. 46.

³ Flat-headed shark, particularly dreaded as a man-eater.

Corb say, "Cut 'im in two!" Nex' vwas a Porpy.¹ 'E say, "B' Porpy, you do man good an' man do you harm, vw'at you mus' do tor 'im?" B' Porpy say, "Leave it to God!" 'De nex' vwas a baracouti. 'E say, "B' Baracouti, you do man good an' man do you harm, vw'at you mus' do tor 'im?" B' Baracouti say, "Cut 'im to hell!"

B' Shark see B' Rabby on de rocks. 'E say, "B' Rabby, you do man good an' man do you harm, vw'at you mus' do tor 'im?" B' Rabby say, "Come in little further; I ain' hear you!" (B' Rabby vwan' to save de man.) 'E come in. 'E say, "B' Rabby, you do man good an' man do you harm, vw'at you mus' do tor 'im?" B' Rabby say, "Come in little bit further; still I ain' hear you!" B' Shark come in a little bit further. 'E say, "I cahn' come no further else I get 'shore!" B' Shark say, "You do man good an' man do you harm, vw'at you mus' do tor 'im?" B' Rabby say, "V'y, let 'im jump 'shore!" Before de shark could turn roun' to go with 'im de man jump 'shore an' B' Shark commence to cry.

E bo ban, my story's en', etc.

VII.

B' LOGGERHEAD AND B' CONCH.²

Once it vwas a time, etc.

Dey vwanted de King's daughter. King told de two to have a race, de one dat beat de race to have his daughter. Dey hask him, "Vw'at sort o' race dey mus' have." 'E said 'e wanted to see who could walk de fastes' out o' two. Dat vwas de loggerhead and de conch. De conch knowed dat de loggerhead could beat 'im walkin', so de conch vwent an' hired hother conchs an' put 'em to de mark's stake. Den after dat 'e vwent down to de river whe' de loggerhead vwas an' told 'im 'e 's all ready for de race.

'Im an' de loggerhead started off together. De first mark de loggerhead get to 'e meet a conch dere, takin' it to be de one dat 'e start off to race with, but standin' talkin'. De one dat went to race, 'e went ahead o' de loggerhead. Den de loggerhead started

¹ Porpoise.

² One of the variants of the famous hare and tortoise story of Æsop. Cf. "The Crab outruns the Fox," Gerber, *Great Russian Animal Tales*, Pub. Mod. Lang. As. of Am., Baltimore, 1891, p. 68; "Cooter an' Deer," Christensen, *l. c.*, p. 5; XVIII., Harris, *Uncle Remus, l. c.*, p. 80; *Ibid.* pp. 5-8, var. of the same tale given by Smith of the Amazonian Indians; Chamberlain, "Deer and Mud-turtle" of the Kootenay; "Die Hase und Die Igel" of Grimm.

from de place where de conch vvas, expecting it vvas de same conch. Vw'en 'e git to de nex' pole 'e meet a conch again, still thinkin' it vvas de same conch. Stand dere dey small-talk ; whilst talkin' give de conch vw'at hired de other conchs a chance to chat with 'im, den de conch had chance to go 'is vway. Vw'en de loggerhead git to King's palace, 'e met de conch 'head of 'im. De conch had beaten de race an' 'e got de King's daughter. Den after dat de loggerhead say 'e vwould take de sea for 'is dwellin' place.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

VIII.

B' CRANE-CROW, B' PARROT, AN' B' SNAKE.

Once it vvas a time, etc.

It vvas a heagle, layin' in a tree. Hafter she had young ones dis snake use' to plague de tree. So afterwards B' Heagle lef' B' Crane-crow an' B' Parrot to watch dese young ones, vw'en B' Snake come to call 'er. So vw'en de snake come, dey call dis heagle. Dey say, "Ma hoo heagle ! De snake comin' !" So she come. Therefore she kill de snake. She said, "Hafter he het my young ones ;" she say, "Therefore I 'll go nord, I 'll live dere all my life on de norder part of Baltimore.¹ I no more to say. De snake had het my young ones." Dat makes, so you see, heagle live hover dere to-day ; dey won' come dis side.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

IX.

B' CRICKET AND B' HELEPHANT.

Once it vvas a time, etc.

So it vvas palm-ile tree whe' dey use' to go to feed. So hevery time B' Helephant use' to go dere 'e use' to meet B' Cricket. 'E say, "B' Cricket, I bet I can mash you up some o'dese days." So B' Cricket say, "B' Helephant, you cahn' mash me up, fur it don' stan' fur de bigness o' man ; little man could make big man run." B' Helephant say, "Go vay, B' Cricket !"

¹ To the people of Green Turtle Cay, Baltimore, from whence come the schooners in the pineapple trade, is one of the great places beyond the sea of which the children, especially, have peculiarly vague ideas.

So dis day, vw'en B' Helephant come to de tree B' Cricket vvas dere. B' Helephant did n' see 'im. 'E vwen' in B' Helephan' ear-'ole an' 'e git to singin', an' B' Helephant 'e did put off a runnin'. Everywhe's 'e put 'is foot it vvas river. So 'e meet B' Lion. 'E say, "B' Lion, man mo' 'n me to-day;" 'e say, "I 'bout de bigges' beast in de fores' an' you 'bout de stronges'; an' still, if you vvas to hear vw'at I hear to-day, make you run."

"Let 'im come, I'm a man fur anythin'," dat 's de word B' Lion say. B' Cricket jump out B' Helephan' ear-'ole an' gone in B' Lion ear-'ole, an' vw'en B' Cricket sing out in B' Lion ear-'ole, 'im an' B' Helephan' start together. B' Helephan' see B' Lion runnin', taught de soun' o' de cricket vvas still in 'is ear-'ole. Some iron-wood tree dere vvas six times big as dis house. B' Lion tear 'em right square up by de root.

Vw'en dey get dere dey meet B' Jack standin' on de hill. Jack say, "Vw'at you no runnin' 'ere 'bout?" Dey say, "B' Jack, man 'ere to-day mo' 'n you an' me an' you two together!" B' Jack say, "I'm de man to heat you an' de man too!" So B' Cricket jump out de lion ear-'ole an' vwen' in B' Jack own to tell 'im de hargemen' B' Helephan' an' 'im had under de palm-ile tree. So B' Helephan' 'e quiver so much 'e drop down dead. B' Jack say, "My deah man, dat vvas de harge vw'at you an' B' Cricket had." B' Cricket say, "I tell you 'bout a little man every day;" so a puff o' win' come an' end dis story.

E bo ban, my story's en', etc.

X.

B' CRANE-CROW AN' B' MAN.¹

Once it vvas a time, etc.

Now dis day de Queen did vwant a man to see if 'e could n' ketch dis Queen Crane-Crow. De man gone whey all de Crane-Crows use' to come. Now de man lay down an' make believe 'e vvas dead. Now hall de Crane-Crows come. All on 'em vvas singin'. Crane-Crows vvas say'n, "Hunte' man dead to-day; hunte' man dead to-day." Dis Queen Crane-Crow say, "Save 'is eye-ball fur me!" Dey did n' vwan' believe 'e vvas dead. 'E sen' one o' de hudder Crane-Crows to pick 'im.

Dis little Crane-Crow *gone*, 'e pick de man. B' Queen Crane-Crow

¹ Cf. XIX., Harris, *Uncle Remus; His Songs, etc.*, l. c., p. 87; Harris, *Nights with Uncle Remus*, l. c., pp. 80 and 296.

say, "Pick 'im again!" 'E pick 'im; de man ain' move. Now hall on 'em vwas comin'; begin to pick de man. Vw'en dis Queen Crane-Crow come to pick hout de man heye, de man hold de Queen Crane-Crow. De Queen Crane-Crow holler, "'T ain' me! 'T ain' me! 'T ain' me!" De man say, "No good, I got you now, you got to go." 'E put 'im inside 'e bag; 'e carry 'im to de Queen. De Queen give 'im a fortune an' de man vwas rich fur 'is lifetime. (Dat 's hall.)

E bo ban, dat story 's en', etc.

XI.

DE BIG WORRUM.¹

Once it vwas a time, etc.

So dis day it vwas a man; he had two sons; dey did n' have no fire. Hall dey had to heat vwas raw potatoes. Now de man sen' dis boy to look for fire. De boy vwalk; he vwalk; he vwalk till vw'en 'e look 'e see one smoke. Vw'en 'e gone 'e git to dat fire. Vw'en 'e get dere, de worrum vwas full o' fire. De boy say, "Dimme some fan!" (Give me some fire). De worrum say, "'T ain', 't ain' none; jes' do fur me." De worrum say, "Come in little closer." *Good!* Soon as de boy vwen' a little closer, vw'en 'e vwent to reach de fire de worrum swallow 'im down. Den de boy vwen' down, right down, down inside de worrum till 'e stop. De boy met whole lot o' people vwat de worrum did swallow.

So now de man tell de hudder son, "I wonder whey my son gone?" De hudder son say, "Pa, I goin' look fur him." 'E vwalk, 'e vwalk, 'e vwalk till 'e come to this big worrum, vw'at had de fire in his mouth. So now de boy vwent to de worrum. De boy say, "Dimme some fan!" De worrum say, "Keelie o' fire" (Come and get fire). De boy say, "*Do i en e,*"² dimme some fan?" De worrum say, "Come a little closer." De worrum say, "Time for Joe come" (Time to go home). De worrum say, "Keelie o' fire." Vw'en de boy vwen' to get de fire so, de worrum swallow him down. De boy vwen'; 'e vwen' down; 'e vwen' down, till 'e met 'e brudder.

¹ The descendant of an African tale, variants of which are given by Endemann, "Mittheil. über die Sotho-Neger," *Zeitschrift f. Ethnologie*, VI. Jahrg. Heft 1, 1874, pp. 16-66; and by Theal, *Kaffir Folk-Lore*, London, 1886, in "The Story of the Caninbal Mother," p. 142, "The Story of the Glutton," p. 175, and "The Great Chief of the Animals," p. 177.

² Probably African survivals.

Now de boy fadder say, "My two sons gone an' I might as vwell gone too." De man take 'e lan' (lance); it fairly glisten, it so sharp. Vw'en 'e get dere whey de worrum vvas wid de fire in he mouth, de man say, "Dimme some fan?" De worrum say, "You too do fur me!" (You're too much for me). De worrum say, "Keelie o' fire." Vwen de man vwen' to get de fire, *so*, de worrum vwen' to swallow 'im. De man take he' lan'; as 'e vvas goin' down 'e cut de worrum; 'e cut de worrum till 'e cut de worrum right open an' all de people come, an' dat vvas a big city right dere.

E bo ban, dis story 's en', etc.

XII.

B' RABBY AN' B' TAR-BABY.¹

Once it vvas a time, etc.

So dis day B' Rabby, B' Bouki, B' Tiger, B' Lizard, B' Helephant, B' Goat, B' Sheep, B' Rat, B' Cricket, all o' de creatures, all kind;—so now dey say, "B' Rabby, you goin' help dig vwell?" B' Rabby say, "No!" Dey say, "Vw'en you vwan' vwater, how you goin' manage?" 'E say, "Get it an' drink it." Dey say, "B' Rabby, you goin' help cut fiel?" B' Rabby say, "No!" Dey say, "Vw'en you 'r' hungry, how you goin' manage?" "Get it an' eat it." So all on 'em gone to work. Dey vwen'; dey dig vwell first. Nex' dey cut fiel'.

Now dis day B' Rabby *come*. Dey leave B' Lizard home to min' de vwell. So now B' Rabby say, "B' Lizard, you vwant to see who can make de mostest noise in de trash?" B' Lizard say, "Yes!" B' Rabby say, "You go in dat big heap o' trash dere an' I go in dat over dere (B' Rabby did vwant to get his vwater now!) B' Lizard *gone* in de trash; 'e kick up. Vw'ile 'e vvas makin' noise in de trash, B' Rabby dip 'e bucket full o' vwater. 'E *gone*!

So now vw'en B' Helephant come, an' hall de hother animals come out de fiel', B' Helephant say, "B' Lizard, you goin' let B' Rabby come here to-day an' take dat vwater?" B' Lizard say, "I could n't

¹ Cf. Theal, *l. c.*, pp. 179–185; IV., Jones, *l. c.*, p. 7; II. and IV., Harris, *Uncle Remus; His Songs*, etc., *l. c.*, pp. 23 and 29; I., Fortier, *Trans. Mod. Lang. As. of Am.* vol. iii. Baltimore, 1888, pp. 102 and 138; Christensen, *l. c.*, p. 62; Dorsey, *Jour. Am. Folk-Lore*, 1893, p. 48; Chatelain, *l. c.*, pp. 153 and 183; Crane, *The Pop. Sci. Mo.* vol. xviii. p. 824; XII., Fortier, *Louisiana Folk-Tales*, Boston and New York, 1895, p. 35.

help it!" 'E say, "'E tell me to go in de trash to see who could make de mostest noise."

Now de nex' day dey leave B' Bouki home to min' de vwell. Now B' Rabby *come*. 'E say, "B' Bouki, you vwan' to see who can run de fastest?" B' Bouki say, "Yes." 'E say, "You go dat side, an' le' me go dis side." *Good!* B' Bouki break off; 'e gone a runnin'. Soon as B' Bouki git out o' sight B' Rabby dip 'e bucket; 'e *gone*.

So now vw'en B' Helephan' an' 'im come dey say, "B' Bouki, you let B' Rabby come 'ere again to-day and take our vwater?" 'E say, "'E tell me who could run de fastest', an' soon 's I git a little vays 'e take de vwater an' gone. So B' Helephan' say, "I know how to ketch him!"

Dey *gone*; hall on 'em in de pine yard. Dey make one big tar-baby. Dey stick 'im up to de vwell. B' Rabby *come*. 'E say, "Hun! dey leave my dear home to min' de vwell to-day." B' Rabby say, "Come, my dear, le' me kiss you!" Soon as 'e kiss 'er 'e lip stick fas'. B' Rabby say, "Min' you better le' go;" 'e say, "You see dis biggy, biggy han' here;" 'e say, "'f I slap you wid dat I kill you." Now vw'en B' Rabby fire, *so*, 'e han' stick. B' Rabby say, "Min' you better le' go me;" 'e say, "You see dis biggy, biggy han' here; 'f I slap you wid dat I kill you." Soon as B' Rabby slap wid de hudder han', *so*, 'e stick. B' Rabby say, "You see dis biggy, biggy foot here: my pa say, 'f I kick anybody wid my biggy, biggy foot I kill 'em." Soon as 'e fire his foot, *so*, it stick. B' Rabby say, "Min' you better le' go me." *Good!* soon as 'e fire his foot, *so*, it stick. Now B' Rabby jus' vwas hangin'; hangin' on de Tar-baby.

B' Bouki come runnin' out firs'. 'E say, "Ha! vwe got 'im to-day! vwe got 'im to-day!" 'E gone back to de fiel'; 'e tell B' Helephan'; 'e say, "Ha! B' Helephan', vwe got 'im to-day!" Vw'en all on 'em gone out now dey ketch B' Rabby. Now dey did vwan' to kill B' Rabby; dey did n' know whey to t'row 'im. B' Rabby say, "'f you t'row me in de sea" (you know 'f dey had t'row B' Rabby in de sea, dey'd a kill 'im), — B' Rabby say, "'f you t'row me in de sea you won' hurt me a bit." B' Rabby say, "'f you t'row me in de fine grass, you kill me an' all my family." Dey take B' Rabby. Dey t'row 'im in de fine grass. B' Rabby *jump* up; 'e put off a runnin'. So now B' Rabby say, "Hey! ketch me 'f you could." All on 'em gone now.

Now dis day dey vwas all sittin' down heatin'. Dey had one big house; de house vwas full o' hall kin' o' hanimals. B' Rabby *gone*; 'e git hup on top de house; 'e make one big hole in de roof o' de house. B' Rabby sing hout, "Now, John Fire, go hout!" B' Rabby

let go a barrel o' mud ; let it run right down inside de house. Vw'en 'e let go de barrel o' mud, *so*, every one on 'em take to de bush, right vwil' ; gone right hover in de bush. B' Rabby make all on 'em vwent vwil', till dis day you see hall de hanimals vwil'.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XIII.

B' BIG-HEAD, B' BIG-GUT, AN' B' TIN-LEG.

Once it vwas a time, etc.

Dis day it vwas B' Big-head, B' Big-gut, an' B' Tin-leg. Dey ain't had no pa. Dey ma vwas dead. Dey only had four doughboys. So now B' Big-head say, "Now, brothers, let 's go look for water." Now dey share o' doughboys ; dey all three, each had little can. Dey each put doughboys in de can, an' dey vwent to look for water now. Dey walk 'til dey come to one coco'nut tree ; now B' Big-gut say, "You go, B' Big-head !" B' Big-head say, "I can't go ;" 'e say, "If I go, soon as I look down, my head so big I fall down." Den 'e say to B' Big-gut, 'e go. B' Big-gut say, "My gut so big if I go I fall down." Now B' Tin-leg say, "I 'll go !" Now all on 'em had de doughboys down on de ground. Now B' Tin-leg vwas goin', a clim'in' up de tree. Vw'en B' Tin-leg look down an' see B' Big-gut brushin' de flies off his doughboy, B' Tin-leg t'ought B' Big-gut vwas eatin' it. 'E jes' kill himself on de coco'nut tree ; kickin' an' flingin', jes' so. B' Big-gut laugh so much till 'e bust his gut.

Den it only leave B' Big-head one now. Now B' Big-head vwen' to look for water. B' Big-head come to one well. 'E vwas drinkin' water. B' Heagle come dere, an' de Heagle did want water an' B' Big-head would n't let him get none. Den him an' de Heagle had a fight. De Heagle kick him. When de Heagle went an' kick him B' Big-head ketch his foot. After B' Big-head ketch his foot, den 'e could n' hold it, an' de Heagle shake 'im all to pieces.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XIV.

B' RABBY HAD A MOTHER.¹

Once it vwas a time, etc.

B' Rabby had a mother; father vwas dead; de times vwas very hard; did n' know vw'at to do for a livin'. B' Rabby said to 'is mother, "You lay down on de bed an' preten' dat you are dead." So B' Rabby cried out, "Poor B' Rabby got no mother!" Hax 'im, "Where was his mother?" 'E said, "She is dead" (doing dat to get food). 'E said, "Don't hax me nothin', but go in de room an' see for yourself." Vw'en B' Rabbies started to go in de room to see de dead mother, 'e stood behind de door with a club in his han's, an' after de room got full 'e jumped inside vwith 'is club an' lock de door. 'E began to knock down B' Rabbies. Some 'e kill, some 'e cripple, an' de balance get clear. Him an' his mother had a plenty of meat to heat.

Hafter dat, by him servin' such a dirty trick dey despised him, would not have nothing no more to do with him, an' B' Rabby said, "I did n' ker about it; had meat to heat an' vwater to drink."

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XV.

B' MAN, B' WOMAN, AN' B' MONKEYS.

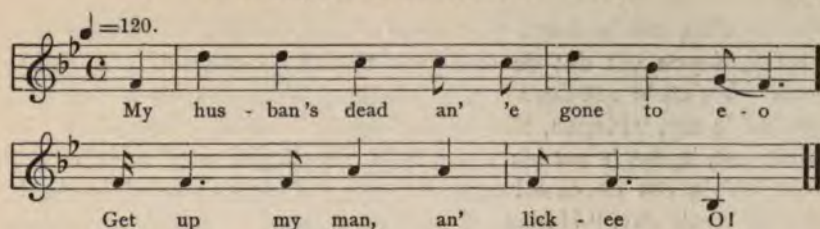
Once it vwas a time, etc.

Now dis day it vwas a poor man; 'e did n' have no money. Now 'e did vwan' fix a plan to get some money. De vwoman tell de man to make believe like 'e vwas dead. She dress de man an' lay 'im out in de house. De vwoman, vw'en she call all dese monkeys, tell 'em to come help 'er to sing; say her husband is dead.

Now whole lot o' monkeys come, one-tail monkey, two-tail, t'ree, four, five, six, seven, eight, an' nine-tail monkey. Now dis big nine-tail monkey, 'e vwould n' come in; 'e jus' stan' at de door.

Now de vwoman pitch de song:

¹ This tale and the following are founded upon the same idea — that of certain animals, in order to obtain food, enticing other animals to their destruction. Similar stories are found in the folk-lore of our Southern negroes, and indeed in that of most races. Cf. *Æsop*; Theal, *l. c.*, p. 115; XXIII., Chatelain, *l. c.*, p. 189



Vw'en de man get up, so, 'e kill every one besides two; dat big monkey vvas standin' to de door vwent outside; one little t'ree-tail monkey stay up on de roof o' de house. Vw'en 'e come down on de vwoman, so, 'e sink 'er right t'r'u' de floor.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XVI.

B' RABBY, B' BOUKI, AN' B' COW.¹

Once it vvas a time, etc.

Now dis day it vvas B' Rabby an' B' Bouki. It vvas blowin'; dey did n' have nuthin' to heat; dey could n' ketch no fish. Dey vvas trabblin' along to see if dey could n' find something to heat. An' now vw'en B' Rabby look 'e see one big cow; 'e gone to de cow. Den 'e take his hand an' spank on de cow bottom. 'E say, "Hopen, Kabendye, hopen!" W'en de cow bottom open B' Rabby jump in vwid his knife an' his pan. 'E cut his pan full o' meat. B' Rabby say, "Hopen, Kabendye, hopen!" and de cow bottom hopen an' B' Rabby jump out.

Good! Now B' Rabby vvas goin' home; his pan full o' meat. B' Bouki see B' Rabby; say, "B' Rabby, whey you get all dat meat?" B' Bouki say, "'f you don' tell me whey you get all dat meat I goin' tell!" B' Rabby say, "Go right down dere whey you see one big cow." B' Bouki say, "Hall right!" B' Rabby say, "Vw'en you git dere you must take your han' an' spank hard on de cow bottom an' say, 'Hopen, Kabendye, hopen!'" B' Rabby say, "Soon as dey hopen you must jump hin." Den 'e say, "You see

¹ Boas, *Four. Am. Folk-Lore*, 1891, p. 13, has found this tale in the folk-lore of the Vancouver Island Indians, and even more widely distributed. Crane, *l. c.*, gives from Bleek a story in which the Elephant swallows the Tortoise, in order to kill him. But the Tortoise "tore off his liver, heart, and kidneys," and thus killed the Elephant, then "came out of his dead body and went wherever it liked." Cf., also, XXXIV., Harris, *Uncle Remus*, *l. c.*, p. 143; III., Fortier, *Trans. Mod. Lang. As. of Am.* vol. iii. Baltimore, 1888, pp. 128 and 153.

one big t'ing inside dere ; you must n' cut dat ! " B' Rabby say, " Mind, 'f you cut dat de cow goin' to fall down dead." B' Bouki gone. Vw'en 'e got dere 'e take his hand ; 'e spank on de cow bottom an' 'e say, " Hopen, Kabendye, hopen ! " Den 'e jump hin. B' Bouki cut, 'e *cut*, 'e *cut* his hand full ! B' Bouki wan' satisfied ; 'e went an' 'e cut de cow heart ; de cow fall down ; *bran'*, 'e dead ! Den B' Bouki say, " Hopen, Kabendye, hopen ! " After 'e foun' de cow bottom could n' hopen, 'e vwen' inside de cow mouth. Nex' mornin', vw'en de people come to feed 'im, dey found de cow dead.

Now dey begin to clean de cow ; skin 'im. After dey done clean 'im dey cut 'im hopen ; dey take hout all his guts. B' Bouki vwas inside de maw ; swell up. De vwoman say, " Cut dat big t'ing open. See what in dere ! " After dat dey vwent to cut it open ; den B' Bouki jump 'way yonder. Dey did n' see 'im. B' Bouki say, " See what you t'row on me. Ma jus' sent me down here to buy fresh beef, den you go t'row all dis nasty stuff on me ! " De people say, " Hush, don' cry, we give you half o' de cow ! " B' Bouki say, " I don' want no half ! " 'E say, " I goin' to carry you to jail ! " Den de man say, " No, B' Bouki, we give you half o' de cow ! " De man goin' t'row anudder stinkin' pan o' water an' blood hout. B' Bouki jump 'way yonder. De man t'row it on B' Bouki. Den B' Bouki say, " Now I ain' goin' to stop ; I goin' carry you right to de jail ! " De man say, " Hush, B' Bouki, don' cry, I goin' give you half o' de cow ! " Anyhow, dey give B' Bouki half o' de cow. B' Bouki take it on his shoulder ; 'e gone.

Vw'en 'e look 'e see B' Rabby. B' Rabby say, " Hey, whey you get all o' dat meat ? " B' Bouki say, " I went down dere ; I cut dat big, big t'ing in de cow, an' de cow fall down dead." Den 'e say, " W'en de people come in de mornin' to kill de cow," 'e say, " I was inside de cow ; vw'en dey cut dat big t'ing I jump 'way yonder ; I say, ' See what you t'row 'pon me ! ' " 'e say, " Den dey give me half o' de cow." B' Rabby say, " Dat 's de way to do ! "

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XVII.

DE MAN AN' DE DOG.¹

Once it vvas a time, etc.

Now dis day it vvas one man. 'E had one sour-sop² tree; 'e did n't use to let no people know. He wife an' 'e children could hardly get anything to heat. Every mornin' de man use t' go from his house to dat tree to heat his breakfast.

Now de woman say, "Wonde' whey my husban' does git hev'ry t'ing to heat." She get one bag o' hashes. She say, "My husban', come ere' an' let me fix your shirt!" Den she tied de bag hashes on he back. Vw'en de man vvas goin' to dat tree de hashes did drop hout. 'E vwent to his sour-sop tree; 'e heat as much 's 'e vwan', den 'e come away. Vw'en 'e come home de vwoman say, "My husban', come 'ere; le' me fix your shirt again." Den she take de bag hashes off 'im.

Hafter dat de vwoman vwent dere to de sour-sop tree; she pull hev'ry one clean; only leave one. De man say, "My soul! somebody been here, take hall my sour-sop!" De man climb up in de tree. 'E take one stick; 'e reach up to dat limb an' try to get 'e sour-sop down, an' 'e could n't get it.

'E see B' Sheep; 'e say, "B' Sheep, get dis sour-sop fur me; I'll give you half." B' Sheep say, "No, I vwan' hall!"

'E see B' Tiger. De man say, "B' Tiger, get dis sour-sop fur me; I'll give you half." B' Tiger say, "No, I vwan' hall!"

'E see B' Lion. 'E say, "B' Lion, git dis sour-sop fur me; I'll give you half." B' Lion say, "No, I vwan' hall!" Den he see B' Dog; 'e say, "B' Dog!" "B' Dog say, "*Hey!*" 'E say, "Get dis sour-sop fur me; I give you half." B' Dog say, "*Hall* right!" B' Dog ketch it. Soon's 'e git 'im, *so*, 'e put hoff a running; 'im an' de dog. De dog fin' de man vvas comin' on 'im so, 'e burry right up in de sand.

Now de dog jus' leave 'e two heyes out; vw'en 'e get dere de man say, "Ho my! look at de san' got heyes!" De man vwen', tell de people de san' got heyes. 'E gone call hall de people. Vw'en hall on 'em come now, dey look; dey say, "Ho yes, de san' got heyes fur truth!" Vw'en de man dig; vw'en 'e foun' hout vvas dat same dog, 'e *ketch* 'im; 'e squeeze 'im dead.

E bo ban, my story's en', etc.

¹ Cf. II., Harris, *Uncle Remus and His Friends*, Boston, 1892, pp. 16-21; XXXI., Chatelain, *l. c.*, p. 209.

² A species of *Anona*, the *A. muricata*.

XVIII.

B' LOGGERHEAD,¹ B' DOG, AN' B' RABBY.

Once it vvas a time, etc.

Now dis day B' Loggerhead an' B' Dog could n't find nothing to heat. B' Loggerhead say, "B' Dog, you like fish?" B' Dog say, "Yes!" B' Dog say, "B' Loggerhead, you like conch?" B' Loggerhead say, "Yes!"

Now dey *gone*; dey gone to B' Rabby's craw.² Plenty conchs an' fish vvas dere. So B' Loggerhead *pitch*³ right inside; gone right flat to bottom. W'en B' Dog pitch, 'e float. 'E pitch again; *float*! Pitch again; *float*! B' Dog say, "I cahn' get no fish; I goan' tell B' Rabby!" B' Dog *gone*.

B' Rabby vvas vay up on de hill lookin' at 'em' B' Dog say, "Hey, B' Rabby! B' Loggerhead down dere eatin' all your conchs!" B' Rabby ketch B' Dog; vw'en 'e dash 'im down e' kill 'im. 'E *gone*; 'e taught 'e do B' Loggerhead like 'e do B' Dog. Vw'en 'e fire de stick at B' Loggerhead, *so*, B' Loggerhead jump right out de craw. 'E take one little boat; 'e vwent chasin' B' Loggerhead. Vw'en B' Loggerhead pitch at B' Rabby, *so*, it nearly turn de boat over. *Good!* B' Rabby say, "You know you goin' sink me." Vw'en B' Loggerhead pitch at B' Rabby, *so*, e' knock de boat right over. B' Rabby say, "O damn! I gone!"

E bo ban, my story's en', etc.

XIX.

B' DEVIL AN' B' GOAT.⁴

Once it vvas a time, etc.

B' Devil ax B' Goat come down to brother-in-law with him to git some good dinner. An' before 'e got to 'e brother-in-law; 't was a place, sof' mud; an' other place, 't was a rock; an' B' Devil tol' him to jump 'cross the sof' place an' 'e 'll jump 'cross the rock. B' Goat stuck in the mud; covered all his heys. B' Goat tol' B' Devil to "Look what you gone cause me to do!" B' Devil tol' 'im, "You fool you, I did n' tol' you to jump dere!"

They met up with some sea-grape tree. B' Devil tol' B' Goat to

¹ A common species of turtle.

³ Dive.

² Live-box for fish.

⁴ Cf. XXI., Chatelain, *l. c.*, p. 179.

"eat all de leaves an' 'e'd eat all de grapes." Went from sea-grape tree to cane fiel', an' B' Devil tol' B' Goat, "Now, B' Goat, you eat all de leaves an' I'll eat all de cane." B' Goat het de leaves an' dey stuck him in 'is mouth. Said to B' Devil, "See what you done cause me to do!" B' Devil said, "You fool, you! I did n' tell you to heat all dem leaves!" Went from a cane fiel' to a pine¹ fiel', an' w'en 'e got dere B' Devil tol' 'im, "You heat all de leaves an' I eat all de pine." When B' Goat was eatin' the pine-slips, dey stuck 'im in his mouth. B' Goat said, "B' Devil, see what you made me do!" 'E say "You fool, I did n' tell you to do dat! Now w'en you go to brother-in-law you 'mus' say, 'Good evenin', brutes an' 'ogs,' an' I'll say, 'Good even', ladies an' gentlemen.'" When he said, "Good even', brutes an' 'ogs,' 'e brother-in-law kicked 'im right out.

De nex' day 'e wen' out with B' Bouki. B' Devil said to B' Bouki, says, "W'en you get dere, you jump 'cross de mud, an' I'll jump over de rock." B' Bouki say, "W'en you jump 'cross de mud, me too." B' Bouki say again, "W'en you jump 'cross de rock, me too." Went from there to de sea-grape tree. B' Devil said, "W'en you get to de sea-grape tree, you eat all de leaves, an' I eat all de grapes." B' Bouki say, "W'en you eat all de grapes, me too." Den wen' from dere to cane fiel'. W'en 'e got to de cane fiel' B' Devil said to B' Bouki, "You eat all de leaves an' I eat all de cane." Went from de cane fiel' to de pine fiel'. Says, "W'en you git to de pine fiel', you eat all de pine-slips an' I eat all de pines." "W'en you eat all de pines, me too; w'en you eat all de leaves, me too." Dey wen' from dere to de brother-in-law. 'E say, "W'en you git to brother-in-law, you say, 'Good even', brutes an' 'ogs,' an' I say, 'Good even', ladies an' gentlemen.'" B' Bouki say, "W'en you say, 'Good even', brutes an' 'ogs,' me too. W'en you say, 'Good even', ladies an' gentlemen,' me too." W'en dey get to brother-in-law B' Devil say, "Good even', ladies an' gentlemen." B' Bouki say, "Good even', ladies an' gentlemen," too. W'en dey was comin' away, B' Bouki got 'is fiddle; played on 'is fiddle:—

Con spirito.

Do you t'ink you goin' to fool me Like you fool B'
 FINE.
 Goat? Do you t'ink you goin' to fool me like you fool B' Goat?
 I've bin down to broth-er - in - law an' got good din-nah.

¹ Pineapple.

B' Devil say, "Play dat thing again, boy!" B' Bouki take 'is fiddle:

"Do you t'ink you goin' to fool me like you fool B' Goat?
Do you t'ink you goin' to fool me like you fool B' Goat?
You t'ink you goin' to fool me, but you fool you'self!"

An' B' Devil kick B' Bouki, an' 'e kick B' Bouki right over.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XX.

B' HELLIBABY AN' B' DAWNDEJANE.

Once it vvas a time, etc.

Dey was two brothers. Dey knew whey de cave was whe' de robbers was; plenty money. B' Dawndejane sent to buy a tub from other baby's wife. To know what 'e was goin' to do with de tub, she tawhed de bottom of it. Then 'e started an' went off to de cave. W'en 'e got to de cave 'e says, "Open she-she, open!" It hopened an' 'e went in. Filled 'is cawt with money. Afte'wards 'e came out an' went home. W'en 'e went home 'e sent de tub home to other baby's wife. She raised de tub an' looked under it an' found money. She wen' sent Hellibaby to 'is brother, an' she ask 'im, "Whey 'e git it?" B' Dawndejane tol' 'im whey 'e got it; de robbers' cave.

So 'e went off to de cave; an' 'e was big-heyed w'en 'e got to de cave; wanted to bring too much. An' 'e filled 'is cawt too full an' 'e couldn' git out. The robbers came an' caught 'im; an' dey tore 'im open; hung 'im up on de tree.

Afte' 'e did n' come for t'ree days, 'is wife sent 'is brother to look for 'im; n' 'e foun' 'im in de tree, tore open. Take 'im an' 'e put 'im in a cawt an' brought 'im to a shoemaker; said to de shoemaker, "Can't you stitch 'im neat? Sew 'im neat an' put life in 'im?" Shoemaker tol' 'im "I co' stitch 'im neat an' sew 'im neat, but I can' put no life in 'im." Shoemaker stitched 'im neat an' 'e sewed 'im neat, an' dey burried 'im. An' w'en de robbers came home, dey missed 'im. They ask de shoemaker, "Dey see dem bring a man dead?" Dey tol' 'im, "Yes."

Dey call a dance at B' Dawndejane' house. Dey brought jugs, an' set in de jugs; de robbers did. While dey was dancin', B' Dawndejane tol' B' Hellibaby wife to boil two cans of oil an' turn it in de

¹ Cf. IV., Fortier, *l. c.*, pp. 128 and 154.

jugs ; all excep' one, in which was head man. Dey turn in all de jugs excep' one. When B' Dawndejane went to de door, 'e holloed, "Come in, gentlemens!" De head man went in. Dey kill 'im ; dey kill dem all, *so* ! Dey went an' taken charge of de robbers' cave, an' dey have been rich from dat day till now.

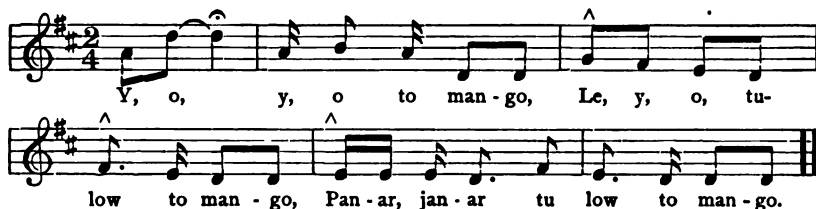
E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XXI.

'BOUT A BIRD.

Once it vwas a time, etc.

The fellah, 'is fathe' an' mothe' was dead. An' 'is gran'mothe' was a witch ; w'at 'e use to stay with. 'E hid something to eh, w'en 'e was small. An' w'en 'e grew big, she tol' 'im if 'e did n' fin' it, she kill 'im. 'E made twenty-five coops ; each one o' them caught birds an' she et them. 'E made fifty ; 'e says, "I know she can't eat *them*." She et them fifty. 'E made a hunderd ; 'e says, "I know she can't eat a *hunderd*." She et ninety-an'-nine of them. The one what was left was a very handsome bird. 'E taken it hout an' fed it. It went up on de house an' begun to sing. 'E commence to sing : —



W'en 'e look, saw ol' sailor comin'. Sailor said to 'im, "Whey's all dis music I heah asho' here?" "'T is n't any music 't all ; all de music here, little bird's got it." Sailor ax him, "What will you sell 'im for?" 'E said, "Nothing!" Says, "What will you let 'im sing fah, den?" "Two thousan'!" 'E let 'im sing. Sailor give 'im 'is two thousan' dollahs. Aftah that one was gone, anothe' one come. Said, "Say, John, whey's all dis music I heah sho' he'ah?" Says, "'T is n't any music 't all ; all de music you heah ; dis little bird got it." Ax 'im, "What will 'e sell it fah?" Said, "'E see afte' a-while. Said, "What will you let 'im sing fah?" 'E said, "Fo' thousan'!" Afte' e' was done singin' 'e said, "What will 'e

sell 'im fah?" 'E said, "Two thousan'!" Sailor give 'im 'is six thousan' dollah, an' 'e carried 'im 'board de schoone'.

W'en 'e got to de schooner, bird flew in de companion; commence to sing deh. Flew from de companion to gaff; from gaff to jib-stay; from jib-stay flew back to 'is old master again.

One day 'is owner went out to walk; 'e an' 'is lady. W'en 'e come home 'is bird was gone; gran'-mothe' had sold 'im fah two hunderd dollahs. Tol' 'er 'f she did n' fin' it 'e would burn eh in tah bah'l. De nex' day 'is bird came home. Still 'e burn 'is gran'-mothe' in de tah bah'l.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XXII.

A YOUNG LAD AN' 'IS MOTHER.

Once it vvas a time, etc.

He had three siste's, an' 'e wanted one o' them fah 'is wife an' is mothe' would n' let 'im have 'er. 'E built a little boat; 'e tol' 'er 'e go away an' 'e won't come back any more. Afte' 'e wen' away an' when it was dinnah time, 'is mothe' went down to de sea with a plate of dinnah; sung this song:—



She went hup to the house an' de nex' eldes' siste' came down an' sang de same song, an' 'e tol' 'er to go back; she was n't the one. Afte' she went up de younges' siste' came down; de one 'e wanted fah a wife. She sung de same song. Then 'e paddled 'is boat in to de shore; caught 'er by de han' an' dragged 'er into de

boat. Tol' 'er 'f she did n' have 'im 'e sink de boat, and 'e'll turn to cub,¹ an' she'll turn to a porper.² She tol' 'im, "No!" an' 'e sunk de boat. She turn to a porper, an' 'e turn to a cub; and the porper beat the cub, an' from dat day till now the porper always beats de cub.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

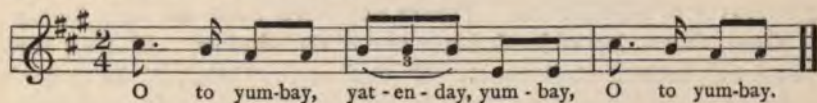
XXIII.

B' PARAKEET AN' B' FROG.

Once it vvas a time, etc.

You know 't was a man; 'e had nine acre' of groun' to cut down. An' 'e said, 'f 'e could get anybody to cut it down in a week, that 'e would give 'im 'is eldes' daughter to wife an' t'ree hunderd dollah.

Miste' B' Frog says, "I t'ink 'f deys any workin'man in de worl', Miste' B' Frog de man!" Miste' B' Frog started. Met Miste' B' Parakeet; says, "If you come go with me an' help me to cut down this piece of groun' I give a good breakfas'. B' Parakeet says, "All right, I go." 'E put 'im in a bag an' carried 'im. W'en 'e got dere Miste' B' Frog got up in a tree. 'E says, "I t'ink 'f deys any workin'man in de worl', Miste' B' Frog's de man; Quâw-âw-âw, Quâw-âw-âw!" Not a leaf did drop. Miste' B' Parakeet came out an' went up in a tree an' 'e commence to sing:—



An' half an acre fell down.

W'en B' Frog look 'e saw de man's daughter comin'. 'E said, "Parakeet come down out o' that tree; get in dis bag; don' let 'eh see ye." W'en she got dere she say, "I t'ink if dey 's any workin'man in de worl', Miste' B' Frog de man." 'E ax 'er fah a kiss. She tol' 'im, "No, wait till to-morra." Nex' day she came back again. Said to him, "What's dat pretty song I heard you singin' befo' I got dere?" 'E said to 'er, "De only song in de worl' I been singin'; 'I think 'f dey 's any workin'man in de worl', Miste' B' Frog's de man; Quâw-quâw-âw!" She says, "I thought I heard one prettier than that." An' 'e ask 'er fah a kiss, an' she gave it to 'im. Miste' B' Parakeet did n' like it. Nex' day B' Parakeet went again with B' Frog. B' Parakeet got up in a tree; began to sing:—

¹ Man-eating shark.

² Porpoise.

"O to yum-bay, yat-en-day, yum-bay,
O to yum-bay."

W'en B' Frog saw 'er comin' again de nex' day, 'e say, "Fah Gawd sake, B' Parakeet come down an' git in dis bag!" B' Parakeet say, "No, I ain't comin' down to-day." B' Frog say, "B' Parakeet, fah Gawd sake, come down!" 'E say, "No, I ain't comin' down!" Then de girl come in de fiel' an' B' Frog sunk unde' de dry leaves an' just lef' 'is head out, 'e was so shame! She said, "I thought it wan't Miste' B' Frog doin' all dis work!" She went home an' tol' her fathe'; an' B' Frog wanted to beat Miste' B' Parakeet. An' B' Parakeet said, "Cut 'im off in de eas'!" Miste' B' Frog turn 'n' run to westward. Miste' B' Parakeet said, "Cut 'im off to westwahd!" B' Frog met a goat. 'E say, "Did you see B' Parakeet?" 'E say, "All that fray I an' 'im had is done." Miste' B' Parakeet married de lady an' got 'er three hunderd dollahs.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XXIV.

'BOUT B' DOG, B' CAT, B' RABBIT, AN' B' GOAT.

Once it vwas a time, etc.

Had a dinnah one day an' had a lot o' beef. B' Dog was a very great lover of a beef bone. Whiles dey were 'roun' de table heatin', B' Goat threw lot o' beef bone out o' de window. B' Dog turn 'roun' an' looked at it short. B' Cat says, "Min', B' Dog, don't make no shame here to-day" (by bad habits of jumpin' out de window fah beef bone).

B' Rabbit throwed out one. B' Dog jumped out de window afte' it; B' Cat out afte' B' Dog; chasin' 'im. Afte' B' Cat foun' 'e could n' ketch 'im, 'e went back to de house. Said, "Did n' I tell you 'bout havin' B' Dog here? Did n' I tell you B' Dog make a shame?" B' Cat was as bad as B' Dog; 'e was chasin' 'im to get it. That story 's ended.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XXV.

THE LADY AN' 'ER TWO DAWTAHS AN' 'ER HUSBAN'.

Once it vvas a time, etc.

'Eh husban' gener'ly like peppah in 'is food. Dis day 'e came home off de fiel', she had peas fah dinnah. They was n't peppah enough fah 'im. Tol' 'is wife to go an' git some mo' peppahs. She went an' got 'er han' full. She mashed them up an' put it in de peas. Then 'e et two spoonfuls; 't was so peppery 'e ax fah watah. 'E sent de heldes' dawtah to de well fah watah. When she got there, B' Parakeet jumped out with 'is fiddle. Commence to play this:—



She jumped out an' begun to dance. De nex' eldes' come down. Said, "Mah's goin' to kill you!" When she went to draw de watah, 'e played de same song with 'is fiddle. She went out fah a pardne' fah 'eh siste'. When they look again, de mothe' come down. When she went to go to dip de watah B' Parakeet played de same song. She went out to dance. Then 'eh husban' come down. When 'e went to get in de well to drink de watah, B' Parakeet went down an' played de same song with 'is fiddle an' 'e went out pardner fah 'is wife. 'E dahnced till 'e dahnced 'eself dead.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

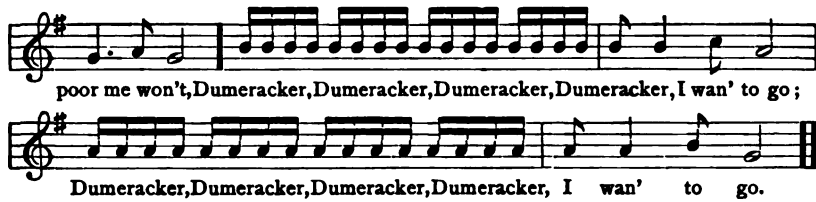
XXVI.

A YOUNG LADY AN' 'ER SON.

Once it vvas a time, etc.

The lady she had a drum in de house; she told her son not to beat it. That if he would beat it the spirits would dreg him away. Afte' she was gone out a hearin' 'e got de drum an' commence to knock:—





When 'e looked 'e saw the spirits comin'. Say, "Boy beat dat t'ing 'gain; le' me dance!" 'E says, "I cahn' knock!" 'E says, "O B' Frog, come knock dis t'ing for me!" B' Frog say, "I cahn' knock." 'E says, "O B' Yabby, knock dis t'ing fah me." B' Yabby says, "I cahn' knock." 'E say, "O B' Monkey, knock dis t'ing fah me!" B' Monkey say, "I tell you what I do." 'E say, "Go to you' pa's trunk an' git me t'ree shillin' flakes o' tobacco." 'E went an' got 'im de tobacco. B' Monkey put one piece in 'is mouth, an' 'e commence to knock de drum:—

Ma-ma gone in bay-road, etc.

'E kep' B' Monkey knockin' all day. Afte' that the spirits went away.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XXVII.

B' GOAT, B' BOUKI, AN' B' RABBIT.

Once it vwas a time, etc.

Dey went in de sea one day. B' Rabbit had a very splendid chain around 'is neck. Ol' man came an' taken 'is chain. B' Rabbit say, "Oh, B' Bouki an' B' Goat; come, go git me chain." B' Bouki say, "You want you' chain go you'sel'; we ain' goin' with ye."

B' Rabbit stahrtd. 'E run; 'e *run*; till 'e caught up de ol' man. 'E says, "Master," says, "please to gi' me my chain." 'E says, "You ride me from here way to dat hill yande', I gi' you you' chain." 'E rode 'im from theh to thet hill; set 'im down; say, "Maste', gi' me my chain." 'E say, "Now ride me from dat hill way to dat hother hill, way yande', an' I gi' you you' chain." ('E wanted to kill B' Rabbit.) Put 'im down. 'E say, "Ride me to dat house in de wally, way yonde', an' I gi' to you." 'E rode 'im to dat house. Man took 'im an' t'row 'im in de house. 'E say, "You stay theh."

De man had a gold band an' a horse. Comin' towards dinnah time 'e says, "What you' mah does give you fah you' dinnah?"

B' Rabbit said, "My mah always gi' me pebble soup." Man went an' take an' fill de pot full o' pebbles. 'E says, "Well, how much wood you' mah does take?" "T'ree cords." De man went an' got one cord; 'e burnt dat out. Taken 'is fork to try 'em to see 'f dey was done. W'en 'e struck 'em dey went Ka-bang!" Then stahrtd to go fah de othe' cord. B' Rabbit went an' taken de man's gold band an' horse. When B' Rabbit got home he hid de band an' horse.

Ol' man stahrtd to look fah 'is horse. First house 'e come to was B' Rabbit's house. 'E says, "Oh, little boy, you see any little boy go by with a horse an' drum?"¹ B' Yabby say, "Yes, Masse'; I see 'im go way up de street." 'E say, "Ol' man come git some sour."² B' Rabbit had a hole dug unde' de floo'; had some boards laid on it. An' 'e set the man's cheh right ove' that hole; an' the table. De man say, "I would n' matte' gittin' somet'in' to eat, Beyeh."³ Afte' de man was finish eatin', B' Rabbit gi' de man a pipe to smoke. De fellah laid on de arm-cheh; commence to smokin'. B' Rabbit taken 'is feet an' move away de board. Ol' man went down; table, chehr, an' all. B' Rabbit sung out, "Full⁴ up, mah, full up, pa; full up, mah, full up, pa!" Dey fulled de hole right up an' beatin' it down. An' thus ended that 'ol' story.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XXVIII.

THE WOMAN AN' 'EH HUSBAN'.

Once it vvas a time, etc.

No' a woman; 'er husban' was very sick. She went to de doctah to see w'at she mus' do fah 'im. Doctah tol' 'er she mus' put 'im in a wahm bath. She went home an' het the hoven as hot as she could be. Then she swept de coals out an' set 'im inside o' her; stoped de hoven up. W'en she went to it through the day to take 'im out, behol' e' was settin' hup grinnin'. She says, "It's doctah's orders; 'grin an' bear it!'" W'en she went to take 'im out she says, "O Gawd, my husban' 's dead!" She ran off fah de doctah. Doctah, 'e says to 'er, "You fool, you! I did n' tell you to do dat; I tell you to put 'im in a wahm bath."

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

¹ Band.

² Limes.

³ Brother.

⁴ Fill.

XXIX.

B' BIG-HEAD AN' B' LITTLE-HEAD.

Once it vwas a time, etc.

B' Big-head an' B' Little-head went fah a walk one day. Dey met up by a whole lot o' pears. Dey set down an' het all dey want. Afte' dey was finish' eatin' de pears, dey went to look fah some watah. Dey met up by a hole o' watah. B' Big-head say to B' Little-head, "Le' me drink first." B' Little-head say, "No, le' me drink first." B' Little-head stoop down to drink much as 'e want. B' Big-head went to drink. De mo' B' Big-head use' to drink, de mo' 'is head use' to grow. W'en 'e had enough, 'e said, "O B' Little-head, come pull me out!" B' Little-head say, "I cahn' pull you out!" 'E caught hold 'im, 'e pull; 'e cahn' pull 'im out. 'E say, "O Gaw', B' Big-head, look at de Devil!" W'en B' Big-head raise 'e broke 'is head off, an' left it in de hole. 'E went home runnin' with no head, an' dat ended de 'old story.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XXX.

A BOY AN' SHEEP.

Once it vwas a time, etc.

A boy, once he was mindin' sheep. 'E los' one of 'is sheep one night. He watch how a deer sleep. Caught de deer an' 'e carried 'im 'ome. Got 'im five hunderd dollahs fah dat. Nex' night 'e los' anothe' of 'is sheep. Wen' an' watched how a 'helephint sleep. Elephint sleep leanin' against a tree. Boy got two bags. 'E wet 'em with kerosene oil, an' hung 'em up unde' de tree. B' Helephint picked up de bags: "Hunh, covehs smell sweet to-night." Shoved 'is head in; in de bags. Boy came an' burnt 'im up there. 'E went an' 'e got 'im three hunderd dollahs fah that.

'E left off mindin' sheep. 'E went to a man to mind 'oses. Ev'ry year dis man, w'at 'e went to mind 'oses to, got to change one o' 'is dawtahs fah watah. This was de las' dawtah 'e had to change fah watah, when de boy went dere to stop. The boy axed de coachman o' de carriage to let 'im go. Coachman taken 'im; kicked 'im down in de mud. Went an' shook all de shep'erd needles out o' de bag. 'E says, "Pick 'em up one by one, an' put 'em in de bag."

Scene at the Celebration of Emancipation





De coachman stahrtd out to go to change de girl fah watah. The boy went up on de 'os' stable. Said, "Needles, go in de bag!" De needles went in de bag.

Boy went down an' got 'is 'os' an' kerridge; dressed down fine, in a suit o' diagonal an' a beaver. When dey got there, when dey was about to change eh fah watah, that boy was there, a mile off in 'is kerridge. 'E says, "Befo' dis man shall have dis woman, let two boar lizards fight." When 'e look de two boar lizards was on de groun' fightin'. While de two lizards was fightin' dey got de watah an' went away; carried de girl back home again.

Nex' year dey went to change eh again. De boy axed de coachman to let 'im go again. Coachman told 'im, "No, 'e was n't to go." De boy did n't say nothin'. W'en dey went dere dey met de boy dere in de kerridge; dey did n't know 'im. 'E says, "Befo' dis man shall have dis woman let two cocks fight." W'ile de two cocks was fightin' 'e taken out 'is han'ke'chief outen 'is pocket an' put a red stain on it. Passed it to the girl. W'en she went home she went an' cahed it to 'er fathe'. 'Eh fathe' called all de high people of dat place an' said, "'F any man can get dat stain out o' that handke'chief, 'e give 'eh to 'im fah wife an' two thousan' dollahs." All on 'em was tryin', dey could n' git it out. This fellah haxed them to let 'im try it. Fathe' told 'im, "All right, 'e could try it." 'E rolled up 'is sleeve; spread the handke'chief over 'is harm; then 'e spit on it, taken 'is hand an' rubbed over it. The stain went out. Her fathe' give 'er to 'im to wife an' 'is two thousan' dollahs. Dat en's de hold story.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XXXI.

DE GIRL AN' DE FISH.¹

Dis day dis girl vwen' down to de sea for salt vwatah. She ketch one little fish hout de conch shell.² She name 'im Choncho-wally. She put 'im in de vwell. Ev'ry mohnen she use' to put some 'er breakfas' in de bucket an' carry to de fish; an' some 'er dinner, an' some 'er supper. She feed 'im 'till 'e get a big fish.

Dis mohnin, vw'en she vwen' to cahy de breakfas' for 'im, she sing:—

¹ In this and the following tales, generally given as "fairy stories," one may detect elements of the familiar märchen of universal folk-lore. For XXXI., cf. "The Golden Fish," Fortier, *Jour. Am. Folk-Lore*, 1888.

² One of the common sports of Bahama children is to catch tiny fish which find harbor in old conch shells.



Conch-o, Conch-o-wally, Don't you vwan' to marry me, My deddy short-tail?

'E comes up an' she feed 'im. Den she let 'im go down. Vw'en she vwen' home, de boy say, "Pa, siste' got somet'in' inside de vwell."

Den de nex' day she come; bring vittles again for 'im. De man say to de boy, "You go behin' de tree an' listen to vw'at she goin' sing." De gal sing:—

"Conch-o, Conch-o-wally,
Don't you vwan' to marry me,
My deddy short-tail?"

Huh! De boy ketch it; 'e gone; tell 'e pa. De boy say, "Pa, sister say, —

'Conch-o, Conch-o-wally,' etc.

De man go; 'e took he grange,¹ 'e sing, —

"Conch-o, Conch-o-wally," etc.

De fish come hup; 'e strike 'im'. 'E carry 'im home an' dey had some fur dinner. De gal say, "I bet you dis nice fish!"

Den de gal took some in de bucket to cahy to de fish. Den vw'en de gal vwen' to de vwell to call de fish, she sing, —

"Conch-o, Conch-o-wally," etc.

She sing again, —

"Conch-o, Conch-o-wally," etc.

She ain' hear no fish, an' she ain' see none. She sing again, —

"Conch-o, Conch-o-wally," etc.

She begin to cry now, —

"Conch-o, Conch-o-wally," etc.

Den she vwen' home to de house, behin' de house, an' she cry 'er-self to death.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XXXII.

THREE BOYS AN' ONE WOMAN.

Once it vvas a time, etc.

Three boys went to look for a fortune one day. They met up by an ol' woman; very rich. But still she use' to eat people. The little boy says, "Ol' woman, please to let me sleep here to-night." She tol' them, "All right." She put them under the bedstead to sleep.

¹ Fish-spear.

W'en she thought they was to sleep, she got up an' got a razor, an' went to the grin'stone :—



Then the younges' boy jump up an' sung :—



She says, "Little boy, little boy, why won't you go to sleep?" 'E says, "My ma always kills de bigges' cow she got an' greets me with the fat." While she was killin' the cow 'e went an' cut three banana sucker. He laid them under the bedstead an' sent 'is other two brothers along. Then 'e went an' taken 'er money. She went to the grin'stone an' commence to sing that same song :—

"You turn de grin'stun, I sharp'n de razor,
Shark-a-she, shark-a."

While she was grindin' de razor de boy went with the money. When she come in she thought the boys was unde' the bedstead. She was goin' to kill them then. She taken 'er razor an' cut one banana sucker in two. (She thought that was a boy she was cuttin'.) She cut the second banana sucker in two. Third banana sucker she cut in two; de razor was so hot it went through the floor an' burn down the house, ol' lady an' all. That's the whole story.

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XXXIII.

A LADY AN' 'ER TWO DAWTAHS.

Once it vwas a time, etc.

Once it was a lady; she had two dawtahs. This day two gentlemen went to de house. One had on cassimere; de other had on a suit o' diagonal, with a beaver; that was the B' Devil. The younges' dawtah said to de heldes', "W'ich one you love bes' out o' de two?" She said, de heldes' one, "I love de one that's got on de cassimere." De younges' one said, "I love de one that's got on de diagonal bes'. (She wanted good clo's!) So de two got married.

B' Devil taken 'is wife an' carried 'er to 'is house. An' de eldes' one, she married not far from 'er mah, an' she was livin' at de eas'.

So she [the mother] had two boys. The younges' one said, "Mah, gi' me two bits;" ¹ says, "I'll bring my siste' home." 'Is mothe' made answe', "Hush talkin' you' nonsense, boy!" Says, "You' siste' bin married a year ago." 'E says, "Never min', you gi' me de two bits." She gave 'im de two bits. 'E went an' bought twelve pence ² rice an' a threppence pork. Cooked 'is rice an' pork. 'Is brother come dere; says, "You gi' me some o' you' rice." 'E says, "I'll do anything you want me to." 'E says, "All right!" So 'e gi' 'im the rice an' 'e het it. 'E got 'is horse an' cart, an' 'e harness 'er up an' de two started. He got to a cocoanut-tree firs'. 'E says, "Pull up dat cocoanut-tree without breakin' a root in it." 'E says, "I cahnt, brother!" 'E says, "Gi' me my rice; gi' me my rice!" 'E says, "I cahnt gi' you your rice, now we het it!" 'E says, "Gi' me my rice, d— you, gi' me my rice!"

Anyhow, 'e pulled up de cocoanut-tree without breakin' a root in it, put in de cahrt, an' dey went on. Got to de siste's house; taken out de horse ouden de cahrt. H'ist up de cahrt in de roof of de house; an' de cocoanut-tree. She went an' call B' Devil ouden de fiel'; tol' 'im dat 'er brothers was comin'. She hed the table all ready to embrace them so they could heat. When B' Devil come, 'e sat to de table. When e' was eatin', the boy stood up an' cut de rope away, an' de cahrt an' cocoanut-tree fell down on de floor. It frightened B' Devil an' 'e runned away. Boy taken 'is siste' an' carried 'eh home. That endest de story.

E bo ban, my story's en', etc.

XXXIV.

B' JACK AN' B' SNAKE.³

Once it vwas a time, etc.

De Queen say, "B' Jack, if you can kill dis snake, I don' know how much money I would n' give you!" So Jack say, "I wan' five hundr' dollars to go on a spree." So 'e gone up dere now. 'E say, "B' Snake, vw'at you tink dese foolish people say? dey say you'

¹ Eighteen cents.

² Cents.

³ Probably founded upon "Jack the Giant-Killer." Cf. "The Rabbit desires a Long Tail," Christensen, *l. c.*, p. 36.

body cahn' go in dis half-hitch."¹ 'E come out de hole an' 'e vwen' in de half-hitch. Den Jack draw de half-hitch taut. Den all dese soljers come around; dey cut 'im up in pieces.

So den de Queen say, "Jack, I got one more trial fur you to do." 'E say, "Vwell, vw'at dat is?" "If you could go up 'ere in dis cornfiel' an' kill all de rice-bird, I let you git married to my daughter," dat 's vw'at the Queen say. 'E vwen' to de fiel' to de rice-bird. So B' Jack say, "B' Rice-birds, vw'at you no tink dese foolish people say? dey say all o' you no rice-birds cahn' full up dis basket!" De rice-birds say, "Vy people so foolish, no all us rice-birds cahn' full up dat basket!"

So all de rice-bird vwent in de basket. So B' Jack drawed de basket together with de rice-birds in it. So B' Jack vwen' home to de Queen with dese rice-birds. Say, "Her' de rice-birds." Queen say, "Vwell, B' Jack, you can get married to my daughter."

E bo ban, my story 's en', etc.

XXXV.

B' LITTLE-CLOD AN' B' BIG-CLOD.²

Once it vvas a time, etc.

B' Little-Clod had one horse and B' Big-Clod had two. B' Big-Clod use to take B' Little-Clod's hoss an' to work 'im, and use to give 'im nothin' to heat. B' Little-Clod get wexed. An' 'e vwent to take B' Big-Clod's hoss to work too. Vwen e' vwent to take 'is hoss, B' Big-Clod slapped B' Little-Clod down an' e' sent 'im avay. 'E say, "Jus' le' me sleep here to-night!" 'E sleep alongside 'is granfader, B' Little-Clod. B' Big-Clod put B' Little-Clod in front, an' put 'is granfader over back. An' B' Little-Clod 'e vwent over back, an' put 'is granfader in front. An' B' Big-Clod come an' 'e cut off 'is granfader's head because 'e t'ought it vvas B' Little-Clod. An' nex' mornin' B' Little-Clod vwent to buy one bottle o' beer. 'E sent 'is granfader a glass o' it, — vvat vvas dead. An' 'e fix on 'is granfader's head. *Good!* 'E still had him layin' down. 'E sent it wid de man vw'ich 'e buy de bottle o' beer from. Vw'en de man vwen', 'e say, "Sir!" an' 'e slap 'im side de head to make 'im vwake; 'e t'ought 'im 'sleep an' 'e knock 'is head off. Den B' Little-

¹ Slipnoose.

² One can see in this story, albeit somewhat mutilated and abbreviated in the translation, the Bahama version of Andersen's "Little Claus and Big Claus."

Clod begin to cry. De man say, "No, doan' cry," 'e say; "I'll have 'im burried decent, an' I'll give you t'ree t'ousan' dollar besides, if you doan' make no noise!"

'E dig 'im up an' 'e carry 'im down in market to sell 'im. Dey vwas goin' put 'im in jail. Dey say 'e kill one ole man. An' as 'e vwas comin' back, dark did ketch him in de road an' e' ask one man to let 'im sleep dere dat night. An' man say, "I let you sleep in de hold hoss stable." An' 'e say, "All right, sir." An' de old man did ask 'im if 'e was hungry. An' 'e say, "Yes, sir." An' de man did give him some cold hominy to heat. An' de man, vw'en 'e vwas done eatin', 'e wwent in de hoss stable an' 'e set down. An' as 'e vwas settin' down de man's wife come past an' see 'im, an' ax 'im, "Vw'at you want dere for?" 'E say, "You husban' sent me dere to sleep to-night."

Vw'en B' Big-Clod did kill his hoss, 'e had his hoss skin in his han' an' 'e tied it roun' his feet. De woman did give her husband cold hominy to heat.

All de good t'ings she had for de tailor she put in de shelf. An' she put some in 'er bed; an' she put de tailor in a big chist. An' den dey was settin' down in de house, de t'ree on 'em; de little boy, de man, an' his wife.

An' de man say to de little boy to pitch a riddle, an' den de boy say, "I don' feel like pitchin' no riddle!" An' de woman say, "You know you' mudder an' you' fadder learn you some riddles." Hax 'im if could n' pitch no riddle. 'E say, "Hall right, mam." 'E say, "Ma riddle, ma riddle, ma-rendi-ho. Perhaps you can tell me dis riddle, an' perhaps you cahnt."¹

'E say, "My mudder had a hog had twelve pigs bigger 'n de twelve burns² vw'at vwas in de hoven. De hog vwas jus' 'bout as big as de stuff' pig dat de woman got underneath de bed, an' de sty de hog vwas in jus' 'bout as big as de chist vw'at de tailor vwas in," — an' den de man wwent in de cubbard, 'e take down de twelve burns; 'e take de stuff' pig from underneath de bed. 'E take de chist, an' 'e t'row it in de ribber, vw'at de man vwas in, An' 'im an' de boy heat de burns, an' dey had de stuff' pig. An' 'e take his wife an' 'e t'row 'er in de ribber.

E bo ban, my story's en', etc.

¹ The usual doggerel given when "pitching" or giving a riddle.

² Sweet cakes.

XXXVI.

DE WOMAN AN' DE BELL-BOY.¹

It vvas a woman. She hax Miste' Sammy vw'at 'e do vw'en 'e go huntin'. She told 'im he turns to wood, e' turn to rock, 'e turn to hiron. Den his gran'mudder call 'im. She said, "My son, talk some an' laugh some."

So dis day 'e vwen' huntin' in de woods. 'E met hup wid dis ole woman. She hax 'im 'f 'e vwant to take a vwalk wid 'er. 'E told 'er, "No!" 'E say, "E neve' vvas bro't up wid company."

She vwent 'side de bush an' she turn to old vwitch. Her teet'² was two feet long. 'E turn to wood. She chop 'im down. Den 'e turn to hiron. She bite it down. Turn to rock. She blow it to pieces. 'E turn to copper. She p'int it from 'er (vw'en she p'int, de rock vwaste away).

Den de boy turn to a bell. Den she turn back, said, "Le' me go to my restin' hole!" So dat 's de end o' dat ditty.

XXXVII.

GREO-GRASS AN' HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.³

Hop-o'-my-Thumb had five brudders, an' hevery one on 'em vvas bigger 'n him; 'e vvas de younges', an' 'e vvas only as big as you' little thumb.

So now de ma vvas dead. Now all on 'em vvas goin' trabbelin'. Dey vwen', dey vwen', all t'r'u de bushes. So now dey trabbel all dat day, an' vw'en de sun was down dey see one light. Now dey gone, dey *gone*, dey gone 'till dey come to dat light. So vw'en dey come to de house, Greo-grass wife say, "Children, whey you no goin'? 'f my husban' meet you no here, 'e 'll tear you hall to pieces." De woman say, "Make haste! Come here! le' me hide you!" She hide 'em somewhey in one secret room in de house. Den, when she hide 'em, her husban' come wid a whole lot o' tear-up children; whole lot o' beastes, helephan' — 'e was so strong 'e could kill any-

¹ In this tale the central thought is seen to be quite similar to that of "Die Goldene Ziegenbock," by Grimm. There the boy and his sister, pursued by a witch, are transformed into many things. Cf. Theal, *l. c.*, p. 124.

² In European folk-lore the witch is generally characterized by having two very long teeth.

³ Evidently a confusion of "Jack the Giant-Killer" and Grimm's "Thumbling."

thing! Soon 's 'e git in de house, 'e say, "Humph! humph! I smell de blood o' one hold Englishman!" De woman say, "No!" She say, "'T ain't a soul in dis house!" Greo-grass say, "Dat hain't no good, I smell de blood o' one hold Englishman!" Greo-grass vwen' all t'r'u' de house smellin'. Vw'en 'e look in dat room, 'e fin' em; it vvas five on 'em. After 'e fin' 'em, 'e say, "Ne' min', I'll have dese five fo' my breakfas' in de mornin'!"

So now Greo-grass had five children, too. His wife made five gold cap an' five silver cap. Greo-grass put de five gold cap on his children, an' put de five silver caps on de five hother children. Den Hop-o'-my-thumb got up durin' de night while Greo-grass vvas sleepin'. He take de five gold cap an' put 'em on *his* children, an' put de five silver ones on *Greo-grass's* children. 'Fore day in de mornin', soon 's de firs' fowl crow, Hop-o'-my-thumb jump hup; 'e call all his children: 'e gone. Den, after Hop-o'-my-thumb gone, Greo-grass jump hup. 'E cut off all five he children head: 'e did n' know. After a little while 'e fin' hout it vvas 'is children; 'e vvas so vex 'e did n' know vw'at to do; 'e gone to his wife, 'e say, "Hey! you cause me to do dis! 'f you want so hold an' tough I cut hoff you head!" Den Greo-grass say, "Ne' min', I go an' look fur 'em." So now Greo-grass gone! Hevery step 'e make half a mile. Now Hop-o'-my-thumb fin' Greo-grass vvas gainin' on 'im. So him an' he brudders vwen' undernead de rock. So it vvas gittin' dark; soon as Greo-grass git abreas' dat rock, 'e lay down an' vwen' to sleep. Soon as 'e begin to snore, 'e vwaken all de children dat vvas undernead the rock. Now Hop-o'-my-thumb vvas goin' kill 'im. All de hoder brudder say, "No, brudder, doan' go, 'e kill you." Hop-o'-my-thumb say, "'F you doan' hush I kill you!" Hop-o'-my-thumb come out; 'e take Greo-grass's sword. Vw'en Hop-o'-my-thumb take Greo-grass's sword, 'e come down *so*; Greo-grass jump two mile hup in de hair. Vw'en 'e come down 'e kill 'eself dead! Hop-o'-my-thumb call all de brudders from undernead de rock. Den dey vwen' back again to Greo-grass's house. Vw'en 'e get dere, Greo-grass's wife say, "Whey Greo-grass?" Hop-o'-my-thumb say, "Greo-grass *cannot* come, for Great Cay¹ is belongs to Hop-o'-my-thumb." Dat 's all.

¹ Giant's Home.

XXXVIII.

DE DEBBLE AN' YOUNG PRINCE HAD A RACE.¹

Once it vvas a time, it's a very good time,
It vvas n't my time, it's old people's time,
Vw'en dey use' to take codfish to shingle house.

Dis young prince vwent in chase fur Brer Bobby. 'E say to Brer Bobby, "I hear you's a good gambler." 'E says, "I vwant a trial with you." Se dey vwent off to gamblin'. After dey vwent off to gamblin', de more de Debble did put out, de young prince would win 'im. 'E said, "Young prince," 'e said, "I vwant a box four square wide, four square deep." Vw'en 'e vwent home 'e told his mother. She vwent an' git dis debble box. She said, "Have I tol' you 'bout gamblin'?" So 'e vwent on wid dis box, an' as 'e vwen' 'e met up by a man feedin' turkeys. An' 'e ask 'im, "Whey Brer Bobby live?" 'E said, "'E live 'bout t'irty miles from here." Vw'en 'e got dere, 'e knock to de gate. 'E said, "I come to bring you dis box." 'E said, "Dat 's right, young prince, it exactly like mine, four square."

'E give 'im a wooden ax an' a wooden machete. 'E said, "I vwant my 'erbs fur my dinner to-day." Vw'en 'e vwent, 'is ax break. De girl come. Vw'en de girl come, she ax young prince vw'at vvas de matter. De young prince say, "You' pa gi' me dis wooden ax an' dis wooden machete to cut dis fiel', like I could cut it!" She say, "Young prince, don' cry; come lay in my lap." Vw'en 'e vwent, young prince lied in 'er lap; 'e vwent off to sleep.

She said, "Jumpin' do jumpin', I vwan' dis ground cut, an' I want de herbs fur my fader's dinner at twelve o'clock! So vw'en 'e vwent to his dinner-table he had de herbs dere. "Young prince, you good as dat?" "I good as dat an' better, too!" 'E said, "Heagle heggs up in dat tree, dat glass tree. I vwant 'em down fur my breakfas' in de mornin'!" 'E vwent to de tree, but 'e could n' git up. De more 'e go up, de more 'e slip down. So de girl vwen' dere; she gi' 'im 'er finger nails, an' she took his uns. An' den 'e brought de heagle heggs to de Debble, an' 'e ask 'im 'f 'e vvas good as dat, an' 'e say, "Good as dat an' better, too." So 'e said, "Now, young prince, you marry my daughter." (Did I tell you 'er name? — my daughter Greenleaf.)

Vw'en dey vvas married dey sleep dere till two o'clock dat night, vw'en dey git hup; dey cut dese banana tree an' dey laid dem in de bed.

¹ Cf. Theal, *l. c.*, p. 87; XIX., Fortier, *Louisiana Folk-Tales*, Boston and New York, 1895, p. 69.

One took de seven-mile hoss an' one took de six. She took two heggs as she vwas goin'.

'E¹ took 's t'ree-leg jackass; dat jackass go sixty mile to sixty minute, so vw'en 'e vwent from 'is house, 'e say, "Fisky lang, lang, fisky too; boss raskality!" So 'e ketch 'er. 'E say, "My daughter Greenleaf, how you git across dis ribber?" "I drink; me hoss drink!" An' 'e drink an' 'is hoss drink. 'E vwent on chasin' 'is daughter. She vwen' on; she dash anudder hegg; she say, "I hope dat may be de bigges' par-pricker² dat ever vwas, an' she be on de eas' side an' 'e on de vves'!" She said, "I cut; my hoss cut!" Vw'en 'e vwas finish cuttin', de girl vwas in de city, so 'e turn back.

She tol' de young prince she would stop dere at de blin' man's, an' 'e could go see 'is parents. So she said, "Don' let de puppy kiss you' lip, or else you forgot me!" So 'e vwen' on, an' as 'e vwent home 'e vwas so glad to see 'im de puppy kiss 'is lips, an' jus' as de puppy kiss 'is lips 'e forgot 'er. An' den 'e vwent an' got an'o'r lady, an' 'e got married to 'er. After 'e got married to 'er 'e 'ired a servant. Dis lady (Debble's daughter) vwent over de vwell. She said, "I'm too pretty to be a young prince servan'; I jus' do to be 's wife." So she vwen' home an' tole 'im. So 'e vwe'n an' hired a middle-aged vwoman. So vw'en she vwen' to de vwell, she look up in de vwell; she look up on de tree. She vwent home an' tol' de young prince, "Dat vwas a good lookin' lady stayin' to de blin' man's." 'E said, "Go 'an hax 'er to visit my gardens."

She had two doves, a rooster an' a pullet, in one cage. She hax 'er to vwell, an' she brought dese two doves. Doves had a corn in de cage. Vw'en de rooster dove would bring out dis corn, de pullet dove would carry it in. So dey hax 'er vw'at vwas de meanin' o' dose two birds. So she up an' tol' 'em. She say she save young prince life, an' 'e brought 'er 'ere an' lef' 'er to de blin' man. So after she said dat, 'e flew right from de girl w'at 'e marry an' marry dis one. De minister had to marry 'em over again. So after de minister marry 'em over again, I vwas passin' an' I vw'isper to 'r 'er; she vwas so good lookin' so young prince run out, an' 'e give me a kick an' sen' me here to tell you dat little ditty. Dat 's de hend o' dat ditty.

¹ "De Debble" starting in pursuit.

² Prickly pear, one of the *Opuntia*, very common at Green Turtle Cay.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

NEGRO MUSIC.

THE subject of negro music has received such a varied treatment from so many writers, in the course of the present century, that it seems impossible to say anything new. But as a matter of folklore, — not from the standpoint of musical analysis, — the character of negro music in Africa and in America may be reviewed, and certain genetic relationships between the primitive and the civilized music indicated.

Waitz¹ (p. 237) says of the native Africans in general that without question they, of all primitive races, possess the most considerable gift, and the most decided preference, for music; and Hartmann² characterizes instrumental music, dancing, and singing as the element in common of the happy, pleasure-seeking Africans.

The musical instruments, of which Ratzel³ (p. 149) says no other primitive people possess such a multiplicity, have been described by every student of African ethnology.

Throughout Africa the drum is the chief instrument. It varies in size from that of a cylinder a number of feet long to that of the smallest kettle-drum. At certain festivals of the Betschauen, a number of women encircle an ox-hide, and then, stretching it, beat upon it with long sticks, and so, according to Ratzel³ (p. 148) originated the drum. There is the greatest variety of stringed instruments, from the one-stringed violin, simple lutes, and harps to a zither of seventeen strings. A gourd is used as a resonance-box, and for strings the hairs of an elephant's tail are generally employed. Johnston⁴ (p. 434) says the natives of the Congo produce upon the five-stringed lyre melodies both quaint and touching: and according to Hahn (see Ratzel,³ p. 170) the Bushmen can play beautiful tunes upon an old European violin, or upon the native substitute. Pan-pipes, and simple flutes, long clarinet-like wooden trumpets, and war-horns made of ivory or antelope-horn, are universally distributed. Among the best instruments are the balafo and the marimbo, from which we have the xylophone. They are constructed of a series of

from fourteen to twenty graduated keys of hard-wood bars, underneath which are fastened gourds to form resonance-chambers, and, as in the xylophone, the keys are struck with little hammers. The music of a band of these instruments is wild, chromatic, and rich in discords. (Hartmann,² p. 197.) Schweinfurth,⁵ describing the great festivals of the Bongo, says (p. 288) : " The orchestral results might perhaps be fairly characterized as cats' music run wild. Unwearied thumping of drums, the bellowsings of gigantic trumpets, for the manufacture of which great stems of trees come into requisition, interchanged by fits and starts with the shriller blasts of some smaller horns, make up the burden of the unearthly hubbub which reëchoes miles away along the desert. Meanwhile women and children by the hundred fill gourd-flasks with little stones, and rattle them as if they were churning butter ; or again, at other times, they will get some sticks or dry faggots and strike them together with the greatest energy."

The dance takes place at night, about a great fire, and is especially enjoyable when there is moonlight. Rum, beer, and palm-wine excite the dancers to Pandean excesses. The movements of wild animals are cleverly imitated. The dance, often sensual, is accompanied by the stamping of feet and the clapping of hands, orchestral music, and singing.

Concerning these orgies Schweinfurth⁵ (pp. 354, 355) gives a most vivid description : " Slowly and mournfully some decrepit old man or toothless old woman begins with broken voice to babble out a doleful recitative ; ere long, first one and then another will put in an appearance from the surrounding huts, and point with the forefinger at the original performer, as if to say, ' This is all his fault,' when suddenly all together they burst forth in universal chorus, taking up the measure, which they work into a wondrous fugue. At a given signal the voices rise in a piercing shriek, and then ensues a series of incredible contortions : they jump, they dance, and roll themselves about as though they had bodies of india-rubber ; they swing themselves as if they were propelled with the regularity of machines ; it would almost seem as if their energy were inexhaustible, and as if they would blow their trumpets till their lungs gave way, and hammer at their drums till their fists were paralyzed. All at once everything is hushed ; simultaneously they make a pause, but it is only to fetch their breath and recover their strength, and once more the tumult breaks out as intense as ever." Page 289 : " Difficult were the task to give any adequate description of the *singing* of the Bongo. It must suffice to say that it consists of babbling recitative, which at one time suggests the yelping of a dog and at another the lowing of a cow, whilst it is broken ever and again by the gabbling

of a string of words which are huddled up one into another. The commencement of a measure will always be with a lively air, and every one, without distinction of age or sex, will begin yelling, screeching, and bellowing with all his strength; gradually the surging of the voices will tone down, the rapid time will moderate, and the song be hushed into a wailing, melancholy strain. Thus it sinks into a very dirge, such as might be chanted at the grave, and be interpreted as representative of a leaden and a frowning sky, when all at once, without note of warning, there bursts forth the whole fury of the negro throats; shrill and thrilling is the outcry, and the contrast is as vivid as sunshine in the midst of rain."

In the singing, one voice generally leads, and the chorus regularly alternates with the solo. Among the Sotho (Endemann,⁶ p. 30) the vocal solo begins in a high register, and, regardless of any rule, goes to the lower notes. At the dance, and among the laborers at work in company, choruses are sung in perfect time to the movement of the performers. The solo singer divides at will the lines of the text, often beginning in the middle and afterwards singing the first part. Sometimes there are two choruses. One will begin the cadence in a higher, the other in a lower pitch, and these may be sung together, or follow each other. Besides the wild and stormy choruses of the nocturnal carousals, there is abundant evidence of sweeter and more tender songs. Heuglin (Ratzel,⁸ p. 516) says that the songs of the Upper Nile negroes are very harmonic. They are mostly of a melancholy nature, as so many real folk-songs are, and, too, in a minor key. The Bushmen (pp. 3, 69) and the Hottentots (pp. 3, 103) have an especial musical talent, and, after once or twice hearing songs like "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden" and "Long, Long Ago," although not understanding the words, they will sing them through correctly. Among the Waganda (pp. 3, 465, 466) are singers of great renown, who are kept at court to improvise in praise of the king. The following from Wilson is addressed to King Mtesas:—

"Thy feet are hammers,
Thou son of the woods.¹
Great is the fear of thee,
Great is thine anger,
Great is thy peace,
Great thy power."

Du Chaillu⁷ heard at night a chant for the dead, which he describes as a wail whose burden seems to be "There is no hope."

The words were as follows:—

¹ Lion.

“ Oh, you will never speak to us any more,
 We cannot see your face any more,
 You will never walk with us again,
 You will never settle our palavers for us.”

(Cf. Laing⁸ (pp. 233, 237), Waitz¹ (pp. 240, 243) and Endemann⁶ (pp. 57, 63).)

Although the words of these primitive compositions are often senseless, as sometimes happens in the songs of the Southern negroes of the United States, yet they are just as freely applauded.

The best-developed music is that of Dahomey, which has been brought to complete accord ; and that of Aschanti, which moves in fifths and octaves, but seldom in thirds.

Now, turning to America, we find, in the many articles and books written about the negro, a large number of references to his music, of which we can only give those most pertinent. Stedman⁹ (pp. 258-290) describes the negroes of Guinea as found in slavery in Surinam Guiana. The musical instruments, the dance, and vocal music had suffered scarcely any modification from American environment. This, no doubt, was due to the constant infusion of native Africans, as at that time the importation of slaves was unlimited.

In a defence of slavery published at Paris in 1802-3, an “ancient counsellor and colonist of San Domingo,” signing himself V. D. C.,¹⁰ says of the negroes (p. 331) : “They are so musically inclined that all their pleasure consists in the pipe and dance ; nay, negroes have performed in the oratorios of St. Domingo. Their songs and tales run generally on love, either in a lamentation, a hymn, or a satire, and they will join in the choruses with the leader.” Here, too, is a near approach to primitive African conditions.

Cable¹¹ describes the dances of the Creole slaves, which before 1843 were celebrated on the Sabbath afternoons of summer, in Place Congo, New Orleans. The instruments of the orchestra were primitive African drums and wooden horns, the marimabrett, Pan’s pipes, gourds filled with pebbles or grains of corn, and the jawbones of oxen or horses, over the teeth of which metal keys were rattled. These native African instruments were reinforced by triangles, jews’-harps, and banjos, which are always associated with the American negro. Cable agrees with Harris, however, that the favorite musical instrument of the Southern negro is not the banjo, but the fiddle.

These dances were essentially of primitive African nature, with survivals from many different tribes represented. As they were gradually suppressed, there arose instead the “shout” (described farther on), and the various forms, often complicated, of the shuffle and the double shuffle, with the natural addition of the various dances in vogue with the white people.

The first distinctive period of American negro vocal music was the era of negro minstrelsy ushered in about 1835 with the song "Jim Crow."¹² Then "Zip Coon," "Long-tailed Blue," "Ole Virginny Nebber Tire," and "Settin' on a Rail" soon followed, and became universally popular. The airs were whistled, sung, and played by everybody, everywhere. They voiced the happier hours of the slave, and were so true to nature, and so appealed to the genuine American heart, that for a few years these simple ballads became the songs of the nation. With "Ole Dan Tucker," perhaps the most famous of all, these ballads reached their highest mark. Soon after 1841, a mass of spurious sentimental songs and miserable parodies flooded the country, and negro minstrelsy fell into disrepute. The real minstrel, who loved the sunshine and the moonlight of the old plantation, was displaced by the corked imitation of the stage.

Brown¹³ gives the following classification of the songs of the slave:—

(1.) Religious Songs, *e. g.* "The Old Ship of Zion," where the refrain of "Glory, hallelou," in the chorus, keeps the congregation well together in the singing, and allows time for the leader to recall the next verse.

(2.) River Songs, composed of single lines separated by a barbarous and unmeaning chorus, and sung by the "deck-hands" and "roustabouts," mainly for the *howl*.

(3.) Plantation Songs, accompanying the mowers at the harvest, in which strong emphasis of rhythm was more important than words.

(4.) Songs of Longing; dreamy, sad, and plaintive airs describing the most sorrowful pictures of slave life, sung in the dusk when returning home from the day's work.

(5.) Songs of Mirth, whose origin and meaning, in most cases forgotten, were preserved for the jingle of rhyme and tune, and sung, with merry laughter and with dancing, in the evening by the cabin fireside.

(6.) Descriptive Songs, sung in chanting style, with marked emphasis and the prolongation of the concluding syllable of each line. One of these songs, founded upon the incidents of a famous horse-race, became almost an epic among the negroes of the slaveholding States.

Concerning the songs of the negroes of the regions bordering the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea, which show in a special manner the influence of French and Spanish music, Cable¹⁴ (p. 805) says: "It is strange to note in all this African-Creole lyric product how rarely its producers seem to have recognized the myriad charms of nature. His songs were not often contemplative. They voiced, not outward

nature, but the inner emotions and passions of a nearly naked serpent-worshipper, and these looked not to the surrounding scene for sympathy ; the surrounding scene belonged to his master. But love was his, and toil, and anger, and superstition, and malady. Sleep was his balm, food his reinforcement, the dance his pleasure, rum his longed-for nepenthe, and death the road back to Africa. These were his themes, and furnished the few scant figures of his verse."

The most important of these classes of songs is undoubtedly that of the religious songs, or "spirituals," as they were generally called. They were at first often connected with the "shout," a certain survival of the primitive African dance, and were then called "running spirituals." The best description of the "shout" is given by a writer in "The Nation,"¹⁶ May 30, 1867, who says: "When the 'sperichil' is struck up, they begin first walking, and by and by shuffling round, one after the other, in a ring. The foot is hardly taken from the floor, and the progression is mainly due to a jerking, hitching motion, which agitates the entire shouter, and soon brings out streams of perspiration. Sometimes they dance silently, sometimes as they shuffle they sing the chorus of the spiritual, and sometimes the song itself is also sung by the dancers. But more frequently a band, composed of some of the best singers and of tired shouters, stand at the side of the room to "base" the others, singing the body of the song and clapping their hands together or on their knees." In the "hand-shake," or "love-feast,"¹⁶ which follows the general services in the negro church, is found an interesting modification of the "shout."

Of the singing, Allen¹⁷ (p. iv.) says: "The voices of the colored people have a peculiar quality that nothing can imitate; and the intonations and delicate variations of even one singer cannot be reproduced on paper. And I despair of conveying any notion of the effect of a number singing together, especially in a complicated shout, like "I can't stay behind, my Lord," or "Turn, sinner, turn, O!" There is no singing in *parts* as we understand it, and yet no two appear to be singing the same thing: the leading singer starts the words of each verse, often improvising, and the others, who "base" him, as it is called, strike in with the refrain, or even join in the solo, when the words are familiar. When the "base" begins, the leader often stops, leaving the rest of his words to be guessed at, or it may be they are taken up by one of the other singers. And the "basers" themselves seem to follow their own whims, beginning when they please and leaving off when they please, striking an octave above or below (in case they have pitched the tune too low or too high), or hitting some other note that chords, so as to produce

the effect of a marvellous complication and variety, and yet with the most perfect time, and rarely with any discord. And what makes it all the harder to unravel a thread of melody out of this strange network is that, like birds, they seem not infrequently to strike sounds that cannot be precisely represented by the gamut, and abound in "slides from one note to another, and turns and cadences not in articulated notes." And Harris¹⁸ (p. 11) says of these songs: "They are written, and are intended to be read, solely with reference to the regular and invariable recurrence of the *cæsura*, as, for instance, the first stanza of the Revival Hymn:—

Oh, whar | shill we go | w'en de great | day comes, |
Wid de blow | in' er de trumpits | en de bang | in' er de drums ? |
How man | y po' sin | ners 'll be kotch'd out, late |
En fine | no latch | ter de gold | in' gate. |

"In other words, the songs depend for their melody and rhythm upon the musical quality of time, and not upon long or short, accented or unaccented syllables."

The words of these spirituals are generally either taken from the Bible, or suggested from texts therefrom which abound in imagery.

(For collections of songs see Pike,¹⁹ Armstrong,²⁰ Harris,^{18, 23} Deming,²¹ Trotter,²² Woodville,²³ and Fortier.²⁴)

They may, however, come from a very different source. Higginson²⁵ (p. 692) gives this account of the genesis of one, from the lips of the originator. "Once we boys," he said, "went for tote some rice, and de nigger-driver he keep a-callin' on us; and I say, 'O, de ole nigger-driver.' Den anudder said, 'Fust ting my mammy tole me was, notin' so bad as nigger-driver.' Den I made sing, just puttin' a word, and den anudder word." From such an origin, or from the fevered imagination of some great exhorter passing through the fiery furnace of a negro revival, arose most of these songs. Lines, or parts of lines, of one song are often sung to the music of another, and almost any combination of words can be sung to any tune. Octave Thanet²⁷ says, "They all have the same characteristics, an erratic melody, a formless yet sometimes brilliant imagination, pervading melancholy, and no trace of what we call sense."

The use of the pentatonic scale (the fourth and seventh being omitted) was noted in the music of the natives of the Congo (Johnston,⁴ p. 434), and also in over half of the songs of the Jubilee Singers (Seward¹⁷). This, however, is a characteristic of all barbaric music, but, together with many traits mentioned above, shows in this case, a sustained relationship to primitive African music. On the contrary, from the frequent occurrence of melodies borrowed from hymn-books, as *e. g.* the refrain of the jubilee song, "I'm So Glad," which is the same as the first half of Pleyel's Hymn, we can im-

agine the great influence of the music of the white people upon the imitative negroes. The well-known custom of sitting up and singing all night, noticed of the Southern negroes (Woodville²⁸), and which is such a striking feature of Bahama life (see Introduction), has been described among the native tribes of Africa by every explorer. We may, I think, safely say that the American negro has largely borrowed the higher music of the civilized white people, into which he has breathed the weird poetic feeling inherited from his naked ancestor who sang and danced in the African moonlight.

After his emancipation, the negro, impressed with the dignity and responsibility of his position, and under the ban of a severe struggle for existence, becomes more serious, and less given to the jollifications which were so natural on the old plantation. Secular songs and dancing are beginning to fade away, and a new class of music more imitative of that of the white man's coming in vogue. Sad indeed will be the loss if these wonderful melodies, formed from a union of the highest music of civilization with the best that is found among all primitive peoples, should pass away forever.

A few of the songs in this volume may have been heard among the negroes of the Southern States, although, so far as I know, none have appeared in the published collections. Syllables may be omitted at the whim of the singer, and the same words sung to the music of several songs.

¹ Waitz, Theodor, *Anthropologie der Naturvölker*, 11 Bd., Negervölker, Leipzig, 1860.

² Hartmann, R., *Die Völker Afrikas*, Leipzig, 1879.

³ Ratzel, Friedrich, *Völkerkunde*, 1 Bd., Die Naturvölker Afrikas, Leipzig, 1885.

⁴ Johnston, H. H., *The River Congo, from its Mouth to Bôlôbô*, etc., London, 1884.

⁵ Schweinfurth, Georg, *The Heart of Africa*, vol. ii., London, 1873.

⁶ Endemann, K., "Mittheilungen über die Sotho-Neger," *Zeitschrift f. Ethnologie*, Heft I., Berlin, 1874.

⁷ Du Chaillu, Paul B., *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa*, New York, 1871.

⁸ Laing, Major A. G., *Travels in Western Africa*, London, 1825.

⁹ Stedman, Captain J. G., *Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam, in Guiana, on the Wild Coast of S. America*, etc., vol. ii., London, 1796.

¹⁰ *Examen de l'Esclavage en general, et particulierement de l'Esclavage des Nègres dans les Colonies françaises de l'Amerique*, par V. D. C., Paris, 1802-3, Rev. in *Edinburgh Rev.* vol. vi. pp. 326-350, 1805.

¹¹ Cable, George W., "The Dance in Place Congo," *The Century Magazine*, vol. xxxi. pp. 517-532, February, 1886.

¹² "Negro Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," *Putnam's Magazine*, vol. v. pp. 72-79, January, 1855.

¹³ Brown, John Mason, "Songs of the Slave," *Lippincott's Magazine*, vol. ii. pp. 617-623, December, 1868.

¹⁴ Cable, George W., "Creole Slave Songs," *The Century Magazine*, vol. xxxi. pp. 807-828, April, 1886. A number of songs with music.

¹⁵ Allen, W. F., "Negro Dialect," *The Nation*, vol. i. pp. 744, 745. Description of the "shout."

¹⁶ Hopkins, Isabella T., *Scribner's Monthly*, vol. xx. pp. 422-429, 1880. A vivid description of the negro church service.

¹⁷ *Slave Songs of the United States*, New York, 1867. Introduction by W. F. Allen. 136 songs with music, representing the entire South.

¹⁸ Harris, Joel Chandler, *Uncle Remus; His Songs and his Sayings*, New York, 1880. Nine songs, words only, two of which are "spirituals" and the rest are secular.

¹⁹ Pike, G. D., *The Jubilee Singers*, etc., Boston and New York, 1873. 61 religious songs.

²⁰ Armstrong, Mrs. M. F., and Ludlow, H. W., *Hampton and its Students*, New York, 1874. With 50 Cabin and Plantation Songs.

²¹ Deming, Clarence, *By-Ways of Nature and Life*, New York, 1884, pp. 370. Negro Songs and Hymns. Negroes of the Mississippi Bends, from Helena, Arkansas, to Vicksburg, Miss.

²² Trotter, Jas. M., *Music and Some Highly Musical People*, Boston and New York, 1878. Biographical sketches of some famous negro singers like The Black Swan, Blind Tom, The Luca Family, etc., with selections of instrumental music composed by negroes.

²³ Woodville, Jennie, "Rambling Talk about the Negro," *Lippincott's Magazine*, vol. xxii. November, 1878.

²⁴ Fortier, Alcée, *Trans. and Proc. of the Mod. Lang. As. of Am.* vol. iii. Baltimore, 1888, pp. 159-168.

²⁵ Higginson, T. W., "Negro Spirituals." *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. xix. June, 1867. A collection of 36 religious and 2 secular songs.

²⁶ Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, Boston and New York, 1892. With 16 songs, words only.

²⁷ Octave Thanet, *Four. Am. Folk-Lore*, vol. v., 1892. Words of 3 songs.

ADDITIONAL NOTES TO THE STORIES.

I. p. 54. Among a number of nominies used by the country-folk in England, reproduced from the *London Globe*, April 28, 1890, in *Four. Am. Folk-Lore*, vol. viii., 1895, p. 81 and p. 153, is the following:—

Be bow bended, my story's ended,
If you don't like it, you may mend it;
A piece of pudden for telling a good un,
A piece of pie for telling a lie.

This, instead of some forgotten African phrase, may be the source of *e, bo, ban*. Cf. I. and X., Fortier, *Louisiana Folk-Tales*, Memoirs of the Am. Folk-Lore Soc. vol. ii., Boston and New York, 1895, pp. 7, 29.

II. p. 55, Island of Mauritius, Gerber, *Four. Am. Folk-Lore*, vol. vi. 1893, p. 250; I., Fortier, *l. c.*, p. 3.

III. p. 55, *Bouki* is Oulof for hyena. Fortier, *l. c.*, p. 94.

IV. p. 56, Cf. XVIII., Chatelain, *Folk-Tales of Angola*, Memoirs of the Am. Folk-Lore Soc. vol. i., Boston and New York, 1894, p. 157.

X. p. 61, Gerber, *l. c.*, p. 253.

XII. p. 63, Gerber, *l. c.*, p. 251; XII., Fortier, *l. c.*, p. 35.

XVI. p. 67, Gerber, *l. c.*, p. 251.

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